RAMPARTS

AUGUST 1965 · 75 CENTS

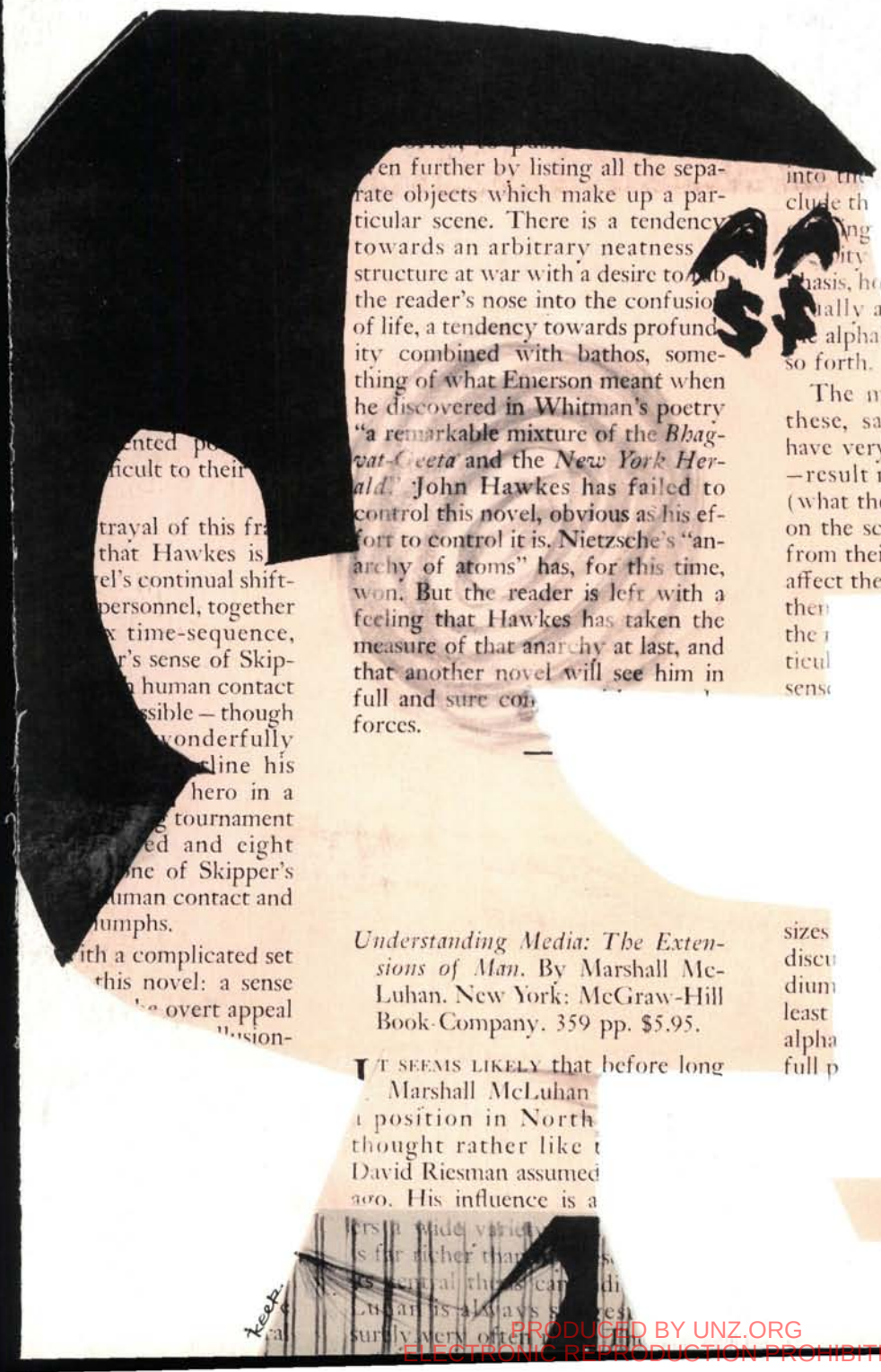
The Fictitious Freedom of the Press
(an advertising man's lament)

by Howard Gossage

The last six months of C. Wright Mills by Saul Landau

The evocative paintings of Philip C. Curtis

The noble visions of a Nobel man



…en further by listing all the separate objects which make up a particular scene. There is a tendency towards an arbitrary neatness structure at war with a desire to rub the reader's nose into the confusion of life, a tendency towards profundity combined with bathos, something of what Emerson meant when he discovered in Whitman's poetry "a remarkable mixture of the *Bhagvat-Geeta* and the *New York Herald*." John Hawkes has failed to control this novel, obvious as his effort to control it is. Nietzsche's "anarchy of atoms" has, for this time, won. But the reader is left with a feeling that Hawkes has taken the measure of that anarchy at last, and that another novel will see him in full and sure control of his forces.

—

Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man. By Marshall McLuhan. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 359 pp. $5.95.

IT SEEMS LIKELY that before long Marshall McLuhan … position in North … thought rather like … David Riesman assumed … ago. His influence is a …

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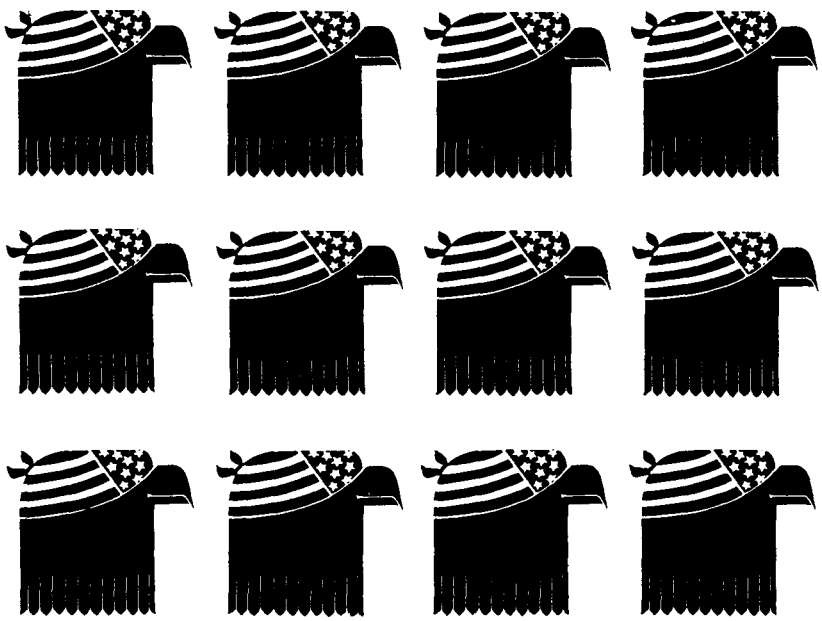
we really don't all look alike



see family album (next page)

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A lot of readers have written to ask what the people at Ramparts look like anyway. We decided to take this opportunity to show them— and to make a few assorted editorial announcements—

Martin Turnell writes regularly from London about literature and other civilized things. Next to him is his cat.

Arthur Cohen is the brilliant young man at Holt, Rinehart & Winston. He is a member of Ramparts Editorial Board.

Ralph Gleason, noted jazz critic, is Ramparts new Book Editor. Book Editor? A jazz expert? Is this any way to run a magazine? You bet it is— (A swinging book section)

This is the only picture we have of Senior Editor Max Geismar. We wish we had another—less serious.

Novelist, critic, and gadfly Leslie Fiedler, an Associate Editor

Howard Gossage, advertising's "l'enfant terrible," will write a new feature on media. The pretty one is wife Sally.

John Howard Griffin, who does everything well, is now a Ramparts Senior Editor.

Louis E. Lomax author, lecturer— is a Ramparts Associate Editor.

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The man next to the panic button is Ed Keating. He runs Ramparts. He hasn't pushed the button yet, but we're waiting.

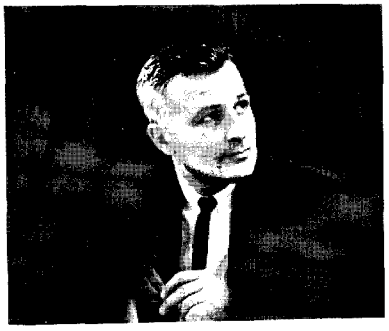
Terence Prittie, who writes regularly from London about things British. (This picture was taken when he was a little younger.)

liam Stringfellow, New attorney, member of parts Editorial Board.

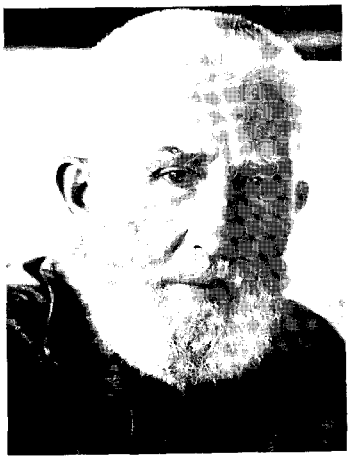
Robert Scheer, our man in Southeast Asia. The guitar is symbolic of absolutely nothing

Wallace Fowlie is an expert in French literature. His Homage to his late friend, Jean Cocteau, will appear in an upcoming issue of Ramparts.

A self-portrait by ex-jazz drummer Peter Keep, our intrepid Art Director



oming out of the darkness is im Kolaianni. He is an attorney nd theologian. He is also our anaging Editor...



John Beecher, a descendant of Harriet Beecher Stowe, still fights for her principles in the Deep South. He is a Ramparts Associate Editor.

Executive Editor Warren Hinckle, immersed in a Ramparts editorial conferenc

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RAMPARTS

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marginalia

EDITORIAL:
The Wagner-Wallace Syndrome

Lest you be wise in your own conceits, I want you to understand this mystery, brethren: a hardening has come upon part of Israel, until the full number of the Gentiles come in. **Romans 11:25**

For those with hearty appetites for violence it is no longer necessary to stay awake half the night watching late, late shows on television. Nowadays one only has to tune in the six o'clock newscast to see the sights and hear the sounds of violence in American society.

There is sufficient violence to satisfy most every taste or proclivity. For those who prefer a less vicarious violence than the news of the day offers, more direct exposure and excitement is readily available. One can, for example, spend the January and spring collegiate holidays at some beach where students congregate to riot, and, later in the season, go to Newport for all the jazz. The Governor of Alabama, no novice about violence, recommends a ride on a Philadelphia subway since, should you not witness an assault or have the fortune to be attacked yourself, you have besides the chance to be bitten by a police dog. According to the New York Daily News, which also has an affection for violence, those who enjoy their violence aboveground should stroll in Central Park at night. For those who would rather be victims than aggressors, one can attempt to register to vote, or assist other citizens to do so, in the "black belt" of the deep South; for the academically inclined, it is possible to enroll at the University of California at Berkeley. Italian-Americans can, of course, apply for membership in the Mafia; white gentile Protestants are eligible for the Ku Klux Klan; the young and hardy can enlist in the Marines and, with any sort of luck, end up in Vietnam; with the right connections, opportunities for violence are available in the Teamsters' Union. As, perhaps, a last resort, one can become a cop.

This is only, obviously, a way of saying that violence is manifold and commonplace in American society. It seems always to have been: in the colonial protests for fair taxation and political freedom and in the Revolution; in the Indian

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wars and the conquest of the frontier, in the War Between the States and in the trauma of the Reconstruction; in the emergence of the labor union movement and in the era of prohibition, to mention but a few examples, as well as in the present day. Whether violence is more characteristic today than in earlier times, I seriously doubt, though I do not know how the matter could be measured. Whether there is a new pattern of violence which did not previously pertain, I equally doubt, though I do not think any man really knows. Whether the violence modern society suffers is more vehement than in other periods, I do not profess to assess, though that conclusion strikes me as too simple to trust. What is most significantly different nowadays is that communications are virtually instantaneous: the whole country saw Ruby shoot Oswald. And the impact of the incidents and images of violence is immediate upon the consciousness and, hopefully, the conscience of citizens: everybody, practically, saw the troopers savagely charge and then lash and gas and stomp the Selma marchers. What is different today is that the facts of violence cannot be suppressed or distorted or rationalized because there are too many onlookers to every violence that happens.

. . . the troopers vagely charge . . .

That makes it difficult to account for the popularity, especially among the white middle classes in both the North and the South, of the false notion equating civil rights demonstrations with violence in the streets. The blunt truth is that violence initiated by Negroes and other citizens in the civil rights movement has been rare and minimal, especially so if the scope and duration of the protest are considered. The facts are indisputable that the overwhelming number of acts of violence in the racial crisis have been instigated and executed by white racists and that their murders, tortures, bombings and other terrorist activities have usually been perpetrated with impunity. No plaintive rationalizations can erase that dismal record; no brainwashing will expunge the truth.

The violence that *has* erupted in which Negroes have taken initiative so far has been in the riots and skirmishes in the ghettoes of the urban North. These incidents have not been associated with any civil rights demonstrations as such. They cannot fairly be blamed upon Negro civil rights leaders; on the contrary, they most immediately threaten the incumbent non-violent leadership of the Negro revolution. Yet that very fact enhances the seriousness of these riots and invites urgent inquiry into the causes of them.

I am an Anglican, not a Quaker, and though, I trust, a man of peace, I am no ideological pacifist. As such I do not suppose that all violence is the same or that every incident of violence is to be uncritically deplored or that one may never revolt or that a Christian may never resort to violence. Most likely, the American democracy could not have been constituted without the Revolution; colonialism elsewhere has seldom been overthrown without violence; the conscience of Bonhoeffer involved him in a plot to assassinate Hitler; Jesus was no stranger to violence. There are different sorts of violence.

. . . a plot to assassinate Hitler . . .

No attempt is made here at any definitive analysis of the ethics of violence beyond suggesting that in the history of American social protest a distinction exists between intentional, tactical violence and unpremeditated, spontaneous violence. Thus, in the early part of the labor revolution, those in protest and those defending the *status quo* both engaged in deliberate violence as the means of accomplishing their respective social aims. For each, violence was integral to strategy and thought to be a necessary or effective way of achieving certain objectives.

That, as far as I can discern, was not characteristic of the ghetto riots of 1964 and 1965. Rather, these riots represent a quite different kind of violence; a violence of despair.

Nobody planned and plotted these riots, no one conspired beforehand, no one calculated that such violence would gain anything for anybody, these riots were not the work—as the FBI has verified—of professional agitators or Communists or disconsolate beatniks or adolescent hoodlums, though, once ignited, it was only to be expected that attempts would be made to exploit and aggravate the trouble.

. . . disconsolate beatniks . . .

Moreover, significantly, the violence of the riots was internalized, it happened within the ghettoes, it did not represent deliberate or direct assault upon white society or white property or white people. It was an abortive violence.

The riots were occasioned in every instance save one by comparatively trivial provocations. In New York, at least, there had been a very serious and caustic incident — a Negro boy was killed by an off-duty white policeman under, to say the least, extremely ambiguous circumstances (not yet exonerated to my satisfaction at least, as an attorney and as a citizen). But, anyway, there was an awful thing which happened and people were aroused by it. In the other places where there has been riotous violence,

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such has not been the case. In the other cities, the occasions for riot were inconsequential and innocuous. In Rochester, for example, a man and his wife, evidently drunk, were arguing with each other on the street and were properly arrested for disorderly conduct by the police. In Philadelphia, for another, there was an ordinary traffic violation. Such common and minor happenings were enough to kindle the passion, frustration, hostility, hurt and grievance of the ghetto people to make a riot.

unpredictable, undisciplined, chaotic . . .

In other words, these riots represent a most radical form of violence, perhaps the most volatile violence there can be: unpredictable, undisciplined, chaotic, without focus, quickly, even casually, provoked. These riots represent a spontaneous combustion of violence. At one recent rally in Washington, a speaker put it in memorable and reliable words when she said that Negroes in America "are sick and tired and (they) are sick and tired of being sick and tired." That is the mood which overtakes the civil rights movement, as the Northern city riots prove.

The spirit which moves the people is not wrath but despair.

Despair is probably the most poignant and pathetic spirit of all, one which has concluded that there is no earnest or honest hope of change which will affect meaningfully the ordinary lives of human beings, one which can not be suppressed or any longer appeased by promises of eventual improvement, one which expresses the defeat of human expectations for society, one which, now unleashed, will not easily be deterred or displaced.

Despair is nourished at least as much by the apathy of white society as by the abominable conditions of ghetto existence. The despair of urban Negroes is as profound as the apathy of white citizens is obstinate. The violence which issues from despair has its proximate cause in apathy.

No more appropriate symbol of the apathy of the white establishment in America exists than the incumbent political administration in New York City. Mayor Wagner has fashioned a career out of active indifference to the multiple and critical problems of urban society and, when it comes to the issues of the inner city — of Harlem and the other black ghettoes of New York — he has made apathy a badge of sophistication. Typical was the response of the Mayor to the riots of the summer of 1964. After the trouble had been suppressed ruthlessly by the police, the Mayor mentioned that the unrest in Harlem had a

. . . black ghettoes of New York . . .

Mayor Robert F. Wagner

connection with the conditions in which the people exist: the decrepit, vermin-infested tenements; the obsolete, academically inferior schools; the shortage of jobs and the absence of equal employment opportunity. The Mayor went on to suggest that something should be done about these conditions.

A year later, just as in all the years before, nothing has been done: *literally nothing at all.* If the Mayor's professed concern seems, thus, to the people of the ghetto, hypocritical and untrustworthy, if the Mayor's promises are thought to be not only empty but calculated deceptions, if the Mayor is regarded as a shrewd, if not very subtle, cynic, it is the inertia of city hall which, more than any other thing, spawns the despair in Harlem.

. . . the inertia of city hall . . .

There is more to it than that, in fact. The hidden promise of the Mayor's intentions, even if taken seriously at face value, is that the circumstances of ghetto life should be improved, *but* that the ghetto should remain indefinitely. What is the incentive to despair is not simply the default in remedying housing and education and employment within the ghetto but rather the assumption that, even if somewhat bettered, Harlem would continue to be a ghetto.

The promise, however, which is required to absolve despair is that the ghetto must go — **every ghetto which blights every city and town in the land with a Negro population must be erased.** Only by beginning with that commitment is there a serious possibility of conceiv-

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ing and executing public policies which can both free the prisoners of the ghettoes and release the rest from the confinement of their own complacency. Only then is there any chance to banish despair and the violence which despair breeds. Only then can there be any hope for this society.

I mean to offer no comfort to Governor Wallace of Alabama, but truthfully, there is no significant ethical distinction between his regime and that of Mayor Wagner in New York. There are, no doubt, some aesthetic differences: Wagner seems not to be as vulgar a man as Wallace; on the other hand, Wallace seems far more candid than Wagner. As to ethics, they are in the same league: Wagner's indifference is the moral equivalent of Wallace's impudence; both are intransigent toward change in the **status quo.**

. . . Wagner's indifference . . .

The moral kinship between the two regimes is documented in the similarity of the tactics upon which each relies:

Separation — both regimes depend upon the separation of society between the ghetto and the rest of the city in order to nurture a mentality of acquiescence and a capacity to endure hardship among the ghetto residents, on one hand, and to supply the ignorance and prejudice of other citizens about the ghetto people, on the other.

Concealment — both must substantially conceal the suffering and deprivation of Negro citizens by keeping the actual conditions of ghetto existence out of the convenient sight of the citizens of the outer city, a necessity now usually met by the routing of traffic under, over, around, but never through the blighted section.

Toleration — demonstrations for equal rights, while undesirable, must often be tolerated within the ghetto where, sometimes, they tend to relieve tension but seldom impress the people outside; marches, however, outside the ghettoes must be, if possible, stomped out.

Suppression — if violence does occur, it must, at all costs, be localized within the ghetto and it must be suppressed by overwhelming force, in the name, of course, of preserving law and order and domestic tranquility.

. . . suppressed by overwhelming force . . .

Rationalization — when trouble does occur be quick to locate a scapegoat: in Harlem, hoodlums or drug addicts are always handy; in Alabama, blame the Communists and outside agitators. Be sure, in applying this principle, to repeat the scapegoat charges **after** the trouble subsides in order to impress the people outside and, just as important, in order to prepare them with an excuse for any future violence.

Procrastination — appease everybody by promising anything. Usually the ghetto people will be quiet for awhile if a delegation of them is received at the executive mansion, allowed to refer to grievances (which, in such a reception, will be understated, generalized and vague) and solicited with a few indefinite assurances that whatever should be done will be done. Sometimes inviting the delegation to pose for news photographs quickly ameliorates tension and abets evasion. Invariably the white folks and their leaders will have been satisfied by the prior allegations as to scapegoats since the complacent and comfortable believe what they like and are reluctant toward the truth. Just to be sure, however, in an emergency, keep promising to get to the bottom of things and to cure any legitimate ills or evils. If pressed further, though it is unlikely, appoint a committee (if truly desperate, try to keep one's head and instead name a commission, because it sounds more important and impartial) of prominent citizens to investigate. An investigation has an automatic, magical, effect in getting off the hook since citizens have been brainwashed into supposing that investigation is a synonym for decisive action.

. . . try to keep one's head . . .

Distraction — diversions always help a mayor or governor through a crisis and they are relevant here. Preempt attention, for example, by staging a parade for astronauts or by denouncing air pol-

Governor George C. Wallace

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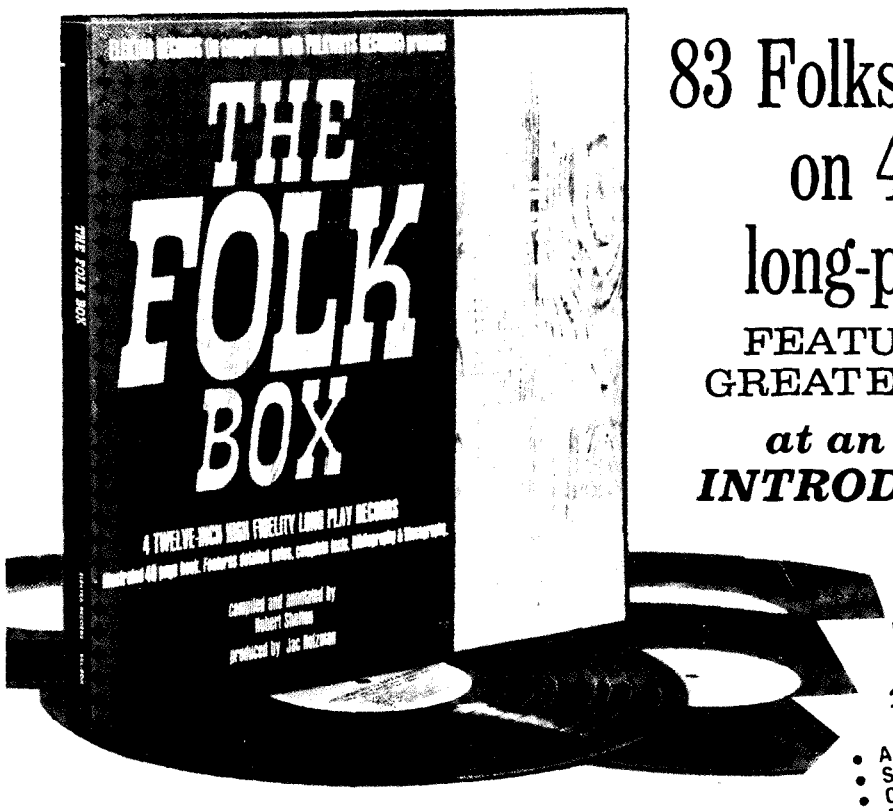

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Lost John/Sonny Terry
I Wonder When I'll Get To Be Called A Man/Big Bill Broonzy
Black Snake Moan/Leadbelly
See That My Grave is Kept Clean Blind Lemon Jefferson
House of the Rising Sun Hally Wood
France Blues/Mark Spoelstra
Carter Blues/New Lost City Ramblers
Slappin' On My Black Cat Bone Dave Ray
Don't Leave Me Here/Dave Van Ronk
Southern Exposure/Josh White

OF WAR, LOVE, AND HOPE

WAR
John Brown's Body Ed McCurdy
Virginia's Bloody Soil Frank Warner
Two Brothers Theodore Bikel
Masters of War Judy Collins

LOVE
Blow The Candles Out Theodore Bikel
Love is Teasing Jean Redpath
Sally Ann Clarence Ashley & Doc Watson
Little Devils Jean Ritchie

HOPE
The Hammer Song The Limeliters
This Land Is Your Land Woody Guthrie

BROADSIDE, TOPICAL SONGS, PROTEST SONGS

Which Side Are You On? Pete Seeger, Almanac Singers, with audience
No Depression in Heaven New Lost City Ramblers
Talking Dust Bowl Woody Guthrie
Black, Brown and White/Big Bill Broonzy
Talking Atomic Blues/Oscar Brand
Girl From the North Country/Hamilton Camp
The Dove/Judy Collins
High Sheriff of Hazard Tom Paxton
The Thresher/Phil Ochs
We Shall Overcome Pete Seeger

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lution in a special telecast or engaging in a little harmless controversy with a colleague — a politician in the other party or the President of the United States or, if the situation warrants the risk, the President of the World's Fair.

Apart from such tactics, and their multiple variations, the Wagner and Wallace administrations have other similarities. Both are just as condescending and paternalistic toward those outside the ghetto as those within. Neither Wagner nor Wallace could long survive but for the entrenchment of apathy; by default in public leadership which each exemplifies, that apathy is encouraged and racism is in fact condoned. By soothing and whitewashing the conscience of white society, each, in his inimitable way, scorns the intelligence and social responsibility of his white constituents. By catering to white apathy, both show contempt for the self-interest of those who are prosperous and white just as much as those who are poor and black since racism annually depletes the gross national product by more than $23 billion — a loss suffered by every American. Far from being executives of government for all citizens, each manipulates racial divisions and fears to cling to political office. Neither can be deposed until apathy is renounced.

. . . Wagner and Wallace outrage democracy . . .

Both Wagner and Wallace outrage democracy.

Now some assert optimism that the Negro revolution has reached a decisive climax in the voting rights demonstrations in the "black belt" of the deep South. The long suffering patience of Negro citizens is about to be recompensed; the conscience of white citizens, notably of the middle class, has finally been aroused and apathy wanes. After all, the ruthlessness of the rout of the Selma marchers on that awful Sunday in March by the posse and the troopers provoked a flood of new entrants into the civil rights struggle who had never been involved in direct action before. Among them were some very important personages in the nation — leaders of the white establishment in the North and the West, ranking members of the ecclesiastical hierarchy of practically all the churches, heirs of some of the first families in the land, along with nuns and ordinary clergy and students who were also novices in the racial crisis. The President became more emphatic in his advocacy of equal suffrage and justice for Negro citizens than any President has ever been, and the Congress rallied to his side in a way without precedent in matters of civil rights legislation. Negro citizens of Alabama actually gathered at the state capitol, encompassed by a great host of witnesses, to petition for the redress of their grievances. Multitudes of other Americans, if not moved to direct involvement, were at least (at last) shocked into sympathy and many even walked a mile or two to their local courthouses or congregated in the churches to give witness. Nothing, it has been now much repeated, will be the same again: the great turning point has happened. Let it be hoped so.

. . . the great turning point . . .

Not everyone regards these events as so climactic. Some have had the temerity to cite, for example, the difference in the response of white citizens and public officials to the murders of Medgar Evers or Jimmy Lee Jackson as compared to those of James Reeb and Mrs. Viola Liuzzo. It does not, by the way, question the commitment or courage of the white victims at all to do so; the only issue raised is the reaction of white society and the action of the authorities to, on one hand, the assassination of Negroes and, on the other, that of whites. It appears that the difference **is** significant, not only in the zeal and alacrity with which the authorities responded but also in the outcry and indignation of white society. If such a view, which is held by some Negroes and asserted by some whites, seems unduly embittered, then let white people discomforted by it remember and memorialize the uncounted numbers of Negro citizens that have been killed, tortured, maimed and brutalized by the violence of white racists — sometimes including police, sometimes just ignored by police — during these years of protest and agony. And let all white citizens realize that this is a legacy of the racial crisis which can neither be disowned by white men nor readily forgiven by black men.

Is Selma the symbol of the turning point in the revolution? To me it seems both premature and perilous to say so. To me it seems a self-indulgence to now relax in any simple assumption that it is all over but for the shouting. I suspect it is really only the shouting which is over and that now the nation barely enters the momentous, undramatic, traumatic and arduous task of reconstructing society so that a citizen may not only vote but work and have the education requisite for both; so that a citizen can live in a decent home in any neighborhood, obtain a mortgage or a loan to start a business, travel where he pleases, hold any public office he can win in a fair and free election; and even, if he would like to do so, be a member of any congregation in the Church. For that struggle, all who enlisted at Selma will be needed back in their home communities along with liter-

. . . all over but for the shouting . . .

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ally millions more for whom Selma was only another newscast. And while I, for one, do not challenge the motives of any of the very important white people, much less the unimportant ones, who descended into Alabama, the veracity of the white involvement there depends upon the vigor and persistence of just these white citizens and multitudes of others like them in every sector of the American democracy where racism is a fact. If the white commitment is not in that way verified, then Selma will have been some feigned expiation, no climax but a mere catharsis which heralds no new or great society but a resurgence of great apathy and a new condescension of white man for Negro citizens.

Selma will be an historic turning point if, on that gruesome Sunday when the posse charged the citizens, the legions of contented, prosperous, white people began at last to comprehend what has been happening to this nation and how the nation could be destroyed — and resolved that such would not take place even if they have to surrender their apathy to prevent it.

—William Stringfellow

ART: The 'Cactus Curtain' Rebel

By Judy Stone

At 31, José Luis Cuevas is an "old master" among young Mexican artists.

He is obsessed with death, but conscious of the life beneath the nightmares; filled with hatred for Mexico and her nationalism, restlessly roaming the world, but always returning home; in revulsion against colorful romantic murals of patient Indians and disdainful of attacks on him by Mexican critics, but not impervious to them.

He is attuned to the world of Kafka, Ionesco, Beckett, and Genet, but is not unmindful of the world of Madison Avenue: mass media, midtown; art market, uptown. And this says less about him than it does about our absurd world.

There was plenty of time to absorb Cuevas' macabre grey view when I visited his apartment last January. He was late for our appointment. A maid brought coffee into the simply furnished room; Cuevas' two little daughters peered in and disappeared. The walls were covered with his work: self-portraits of himself as Rembrandt, of himself sketching at Coney Island, as he imagines himself a clown to his daughters; sketches for his autobiography "Cuevas por Cuevas" just published in Spanish and English; framed letters, scrawled and illustrated, that he sent home from New York, Paris, Rome, Morocco, Spain. His original illustrations for **The Worlds of Kafka and Cuevas,** reprinted in the new book. Sombre drawings of the poor, the mutilated, the insane, the funeral of Franco.

Time Magazine calls him "the golden boy"; rich collectors rush to buy his work. Who knows the investment value?

. . . madhouse in the palace . . .

"In the world of Cuevas, the insane have already installed their madhouse in the palace; jesters have become lawgivers; buffoons establish moral standards; the blind order executions; and the deformed set themselves up as the image and likeness of the ideal," his friend, the novelist Carlos Fuentes wrote for the catalogue of Cuevas' recent Los Angeles exhibition **Horror Theater,** dedicated to Tod Browning and James Whale, "masters of the horror film."

Through a narrow slit in the catalogue cover, a pair of appraising eyes look out;

José Luis Cuevas

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on the next page a photograph of the artist, hair brushed down over his forehead. I thought of that famous photo of Truman Capote languidly flaked out on his ornate sofa.

. . . too handsome . . .

Nothing in the artist's work prepared me for the artist. He was too handsome. Jimmy Dean, Newman, Brando. He belonged to the Hollywood pantheon of rebels. But what would those pale blue-grey, X-ray eyes see in Hollywood?

There was barely time to say hello and recover from that dazzling white smile, when the phone rang. The image of Hollywood exploded as a burst of staccato Spanish and an incredible rush of nervous electricity filled the room. Cuevas, wearing a heavy sheepskin-lined navy foul weather jacket over a black sweater held the phone and paced the floor in his high boots, back and forth, back and forth in a small circle. It was an exhausting performance.

He apologized for the delay. His studio had been burglarized just as he was preparing for a new show in New York. Everything else had been sold at the Los Angeles show.

He went for his scrapbook so that I could see what has already been written about him, and three-year-old Mariana came trotting back with him. She leaned over the heavy scrapbook on my lap, turning each page so that I might admire her father. I murmured "bueno" dutifully and tried to take notes.

. . . I murmured "bueno" . . .

Cuevas spoke of the rheumatic fever which set the direction for his life. As a small boy, he spent two years in bed, reading omnivorously, discovering Dostoevski, and drawing when he wasn't reading. If it had not been for the heart condition, his father, a commercial pilot, would have encouraged him toward a more active profession. As it was, until three years ago, Cuevas used to race around on his motorcycle until he was grounded by a nearly fatal accident and spent three months recovering. He is still unable to drive a car.

By the time he was 14, he had his first show in a loft—sketches of himself with the fever, with mumps; and the ugly dark lines of the prostitutes, the cadavers and the infamous street below his window.

In a newspaper interview during his first professional show at 19, he tried to explain that his subjects might appear French, but the artistic influence was pre-Columbian. He talked about the dictatorial attitudes of the big three: Rivera, Siqueiros and Orozco and the closed door of official Mexican art circles toward young painters reaching out in other directions. It brought the wrath of the critics down on his head.

"It is not possible to say anything against Mexican art," Cuevas said. "The Mexicans are very nationalistic and for them the most important art in the world is Mexican art. Mexican food is the most delicious food; the most beautiful landscape—Mexican land. Because of this nationalistic attitude, the Mexicans live with a very big cactus curtain. The Mexican people look only at this curtain and never see other countries."

Self-Portrait (May 9, 1962)

. . . big cactus curtain . . .

Speaking rapidly in English with a quick shrug of irritation when he couldn't find the right word, Cuevas said, "The prestige of the three top Mexican muralists is not for the quality of their painting; it's for political reasons. Like the work of Diego Rivera, it is sometimes very superficial. The very serious and important art centers are not interested in the three. The revolution in Mexican art was not an aesthetic revolution. The subject is the revolution, but the art is not revolutionary. It's reactionary. I understand the attitude of the Mexican artists during the revolution; I don't speak about the men, but about the art and the art is reactionary.

"For me, the biggest mistake in Mexican art is the superficial folklorist with very nice colors. It's nice for American tourists who like souvenirs to show how beautiful the Mexican people are," Cuevas said.

After his first show in the United States at the Pan American Union in Washington in 1954, he publicly criticized the Mexican artists again, saying that they were influenced by the Europeans and that the only really Mexican artist was Tamayo who has done nothing worthwhile for the last ten years since he went commercial.

. . . since he went commercial . . .

"As a result, some Mexicans wrote violent articles against me. My response when I read the attacks is to make many shows in different countries." He added proudly that his work had influenced many young artists in Colombia and his influence can also be seen in some work

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at the new Museum of Modern Art in Mexico City. He has had one-man shows in nine countries, is represented in 20 museum collections and has won three international prizes.

Cuevas said his own first influence was pre-Columbian art, "but my actual expression is the point of view of one young man of this century. I want to express the sense of my time. My influence is that of my counterparts in the silent movies; Kafka, Ionesco, Beckett, Genet. I am not influenced by contemporary painters because my expression is my personal point of view.

"The Mexican artist is in the realistic tradition, but this way is not contemporary," he said. "I am in the new figurative tendency—like the English Bacon—and the Mexican realistic work is in the old academic, realistic way. The Mexican realistic artist is melodramatic like the German expressionists. For the Mexican realistic artist, the subject in the painting is most important and the subject always is very poor.

"In the new figurative, the artist never is melodramatic. He is never compassionate for humanity. The elements in my work are the incongruity and the absurdity of life. I am only the witness of my moment. The socialistic artist, or realistic, is reformatory of society. I am not a reformer."

SILVAN SIMONE GALLERY

Study of a Woman Painter

. . . the 'sentimental is immoral' . . .

He thought for a moment and said, "Buñuel said one thing and it is very good for me, too—'the sentimental is immoral.' I don't like the sentimental attitude of the realistic painters. Maybe in this thing I am a little surrealistic.

"For me to make a drawing, or to make love is one human act, but the consequences are not important. Only the act is important. My work is no good for society; my work is no good for reforming. It is only the expression of the moment."

He went on to speak of his hatred for Mexican nationalism and its limiting effect on the Mexican people. "I don't like Mexico," he said—and it's hard not to wonder about the relationship between his non-Mexican appearance and his passionate diatribes. "I am not interested in the Mexican heroes. What is sacred for me? The Mexican flag, the Mexican heroes and the Mexican president are not sacred."

What is?

"Nothing."

Why live here then?

"It is cheaper. It is easy. But I stay in Mexico only three months of the year. I like the U. S. because it is more exciting; New York is very exciting. But I can't stay permanently in any city. I need to change. In New York I can only stay six months. In other countries, four-five months. In Mexico when I stay three months, I am very depressed, very nervous. Mexico is a very insane country. The air is bad, the street and the people are very sordid. In one word, Mexico is very bad for my health. The most ugly and inexpressive people in the world are the Mexican people. I say these things always. It's true. When I say these things I am very frank and honest."

. . . a very insane country . . .

"It is terrible to feel so alienated from one's country," I remarked.

"I don't know what happened with me and my country," Cuevas responded. "Some people don't like western themes, or don't like Coca-Cola. Well, I don't like Mexico. For me, it's a problem of taste. The Mexican people are hypocritical and have a terrible inferiority complex. Never do they talk with truth. They don't have self-criticism."

He suggested reading Oscar Lewis' **Children of Sanchez** (heatedly condemned by most Mexicans) as an example of what he was talking about, or his own autobiography.

"But," he added, reluctantly, "I can't be indifferent to Mexico. I can say I hate Mexico, but it is impossible to say Mexico is not important to me. Mexico for me is like a terrible pain in the head, or a toothache. I think of Mexico always in bad things. The sense of hate for a country in which one is born is like when a son

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Portrait of Dostoevski

hates the parents. It is not possible to be indifferent to them. It's not easy for me to explain why I hate Mexico; maybe it's in the childhood, like the complex problem of a son.

"When I talk to the Mexican critics, I say always I am not interested in the opinions of the Mexican people, but it is not true. I always want to know the reasons for the criticism. Maybe I am a little provincial because I'm preoccupied with the opinion of my fellow countrymen.

"My primordial preoccupation in life is to die. Sometimes in the midnight, it is not possible for me to sleep because of the terrible preoccupation with death. Maybe I make drawings to push away the idea of death. And to forget this idea, I not only make drawings, I like to travel, to stay in different places, to see movies, a strip tease, I like the jazz. With these things, I forget for some moments the terrible idea of death. When you have a terrible consciousness of death, it is not possible to be the socially conscious man. It is not possible to have a very profound preoccupation with the politics."

. . . terrible idea of death . . .

Then, with a glimmer of a smile, "I sense the life too in my masochistic idea of the death. Because when you think of death, you sense much more of life."

LONDON: End of a 'Cordiale' Friendship

By Terence Prittie

London

The British, like everyone else, have become "anniversary-minded." In the month of May the General Post Office issued a stamp to commemorate the 700th anniversary of Simon de Montfort's Parliament — an event which most Britons have never heard of. Next year, the Battle of Hastings will be celebrated in a manner undreamt of in, say, 1866 or 1766. Britons, who like to align themselves on one side or the other (as in the American Civil War!), will doubtless form a "Harold the Saxon League" and a "Norman Heritage Society," just as they have ganged-up on the side of Charles the Martyr or Cromwell the Reformer.

An event which, however, is passing unnoticed is the 60th birthday of the longest-lasting military alliance which Britain has concluded in her history — the **Entente Cordiale** with France. This alliance had all the trappings of true romance. Phlegmatic, solid John Bull entered into a gallant flirtation with his nearest European neighbour, whom Sir Philip Sidney, Queen Elizabeth the First's nicest favourite, called "that fair enemy, France." The British bulldog, reticent and rheumy-eyed, was officially betrothed to the proudest pea-hen of the continental menagerie.

. . . the proudest pea-hen . . .

For five decades, spanning whole lifetimes, Britons believed in the truth of their national romance. A "Napoleon-cult" grew up in Britain, and children who played the game of **L'Attaque** gloried in leading the French Army, with its dashing **Tirailleurs,** capable **Sergents,** moustachioed **Chefs de Brigade,** and oh-so-interesting-looking **Espions.** The French Army conventionally fought the dreary, almost brutish Britons, and it had to win — if only to avenge the disastrous bad luck of Waterloo! These British children were not, naturally, pro-French of their own volition, but because their elders explained the story of the **Entente Cordiale** to them. The story was a good one: nothing is more satisfying than to know that one's former worst enemies have become one's best friends.

One need not be over-dramatic about the subject, but today the **Entente Cordiale** is dead, and is in process of being indecently buried by General de Gaulle,

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the General cannot last forever . . .

with shovelfuls of dirt being thrown in the faces of precisely those Britons who have most valued a partnership created out of a common need and built into what appeared to be a common purpose of resistance to tyranny and aggression. British governmental diplomacy wears a brave face, insisting that the General cannot last forever and that reason will finally prevail. The man in the street in Britain is mainly unaware of the fading of the **Entente.** To him all continentals are vaguely "funny," and if de Gaulle seems inclined to carry his capers a little too far, just put it down to French **flair, élan, panche,** and all those other untranslatable characteristics of the devil-may-care French attitude to life. British Socialists assume that de Gaulle will, quite soon, overplay his hand; British intellectuals ignore him. And, by and large, Britons don't want to be rude about him, or his country.

There are still thousands of personal friendships between the two countries, many of them under a severe strain but most of them resigned to the thought that life everywhere is difficult these days and that the actions of governments often pass beyond the understanding of men. Fortunately, these personal friendships will outlive anything — even de Gaulle. But today there is precious little else which binds Britain and France together. French diplomatists decided, two years ago, to castrate Western European Union, Britain's creation. Today they are busy undermining NATO, fully aware that in NATO, Britain sees the vital link between the United States and Europe, a tie-up in which Britain is intimately concerned and in which Britain believes. France has kept Britain out of the Common Market, in defiance of the feelings of her five partners in that organization. France has sabotaged the Kennedy Round, which foresaw the wider trade partnership embodying British free-trading precepts.

When de Gaulle slammed the door into Europe against Britain, his action caused a painful dismay in the minds of Britons who had thoughts that a German, an Italian, might do something like this — but not a Frenchman! Had the positions been reversed, and had Britain refused France admittance into some world organisation, one can easily imagine how many scandalized voices would have been raised on France's behalf. In any event, M. Jean Monnet, the designer of the Common Market, complained that his concept was meant to include more than six partners and, for certain, Britain. A former French Prime Minister, Pierre Mendes-France, had a word to say about Gaullist short-sightedness. A single French editor, M. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, wrote with real feeling. And two French professors sent letters to the London Times.

This was the extent of French feeling for the **Entente Cordiale,** which had lasted nearly 60 years, had survived two World Wars, as well as the mutiny of a French Army, the capitulation of a French government to Hitler, the sordid story of the Vichy regime, and the post-1945 French political chaos which elicited only sympathy from France's friends — Britain included.

A barb of French perceptiveness — for it was not in any sense "wit" — was forthcoming when the present British Ambassador in Paris took up his post in March. A French diplomatist remarked to a British opposite number, unsmilingly, "Our countries are likely to get on better together now, since your Labour Government presumably will no longer try to bring Britain into Europe." The French are expert in the deep-freeze treatment.

. . . the deep-freeze treatment . . .

The present British government has been frankly bewildered by the attitude of de Gaulle's France to an old ally and comrade-in-arms. Some members of the government and the civil service think that the right policy is one of wait-and-see. Others want to hit back, and one member of the British embassy in Paris was nearly ejected from the country because of his outspoken remarks at Anglo-French dinner tables. Others feel that the French will eventually be impressed if the British go on trying — over talks on political unity, over joint programmes to produce aircraft, over a common approach to the problem of reforming NATO. This last school of thought has suffered shocking reverses. De Gaulle's France has mocked the British peace-keeping role in Cyprus, voted with Nasser against British commitment in Arabia, castigated British support of the United States in Southeast Asia.

. . . kicked in the ribs . . .

Bewilderment is a British characteristic. A bulldog can be kicked in the ribs and cuffed in the snout surprisingly often before he reacts. De Gaulle has taken a perverse pleasure in doing this — perverse because he has never forgiven Britain for putting him under a wartime obligation which he deeply resented. And just what might Britain owe de Gaulle? It is a weird commentary on present-day diplomacy that the sense of purpose and unity of Western Europe can be endangered because of the foibles of a general who never won a battle.

NATO is today under fire from the French, who have been courted by many

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. . . a French sportsman . . .

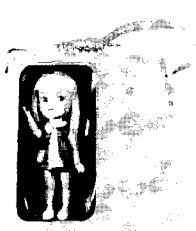
but have cared for no one. Yet it may be that America and Britain, the two NATO partners most affected by the vagaries of the French character, are too ready to regard their problems with a preternatural seriousness. Lately, a letter was written to an Irish newspaper by a French "sportsman" who had come to the British Isles armed with a blunderbuss and an ill-will against anything on the wing. He shot hen pheasants against the law and out of season. He probably potted wild duck sitting on the water. But one thing amazed him. As he put it, "The delights of those you call thrush and blackbird have been unknown to us sportsmen for many years. They seem to be plentiful here, but strange, not on the menu of the hotel for their delicacy. I wish most agreeably to hope that this happy state of your shooting birds will last very long . . ."

It is the French habit to destroy all bird-life, and it is not surprising to hear that thrush and blackbird had been "unknown for many years" to M. Pierre Lacoste, of Bordeaux. But the letter of this minor destroyer suggests that America and Britain should not be over-worried by de Gaulle, the major iconoclast. The treatment needed by this "dreamer of grandeur" — as one German diplomatist calls him — is an apposite amalgam of common sense and ridicule. The Western Alliance should prove to be bigger than the one man that threatens it.

LETTERS: Barbie versus Snugglebun

Sirs:

Your recent article in the April issue on the "Barbie" doll was most cleverly written and provided the reader with a number of humorous moments. However, the impact of your previously stated facts on Mattel's origination of "Barbie," pricing structures, etc. was completely lost when, at the very end of your article, you credit Remco Industries, Inc. with the development of the "GI Joe" doll.



Heidi

The originator and manufacturer of "GI Joe" is Hassenfeld Bros., a Rhode Island concern.

We, at Remco, have also entered the doll market. Yet, despite the industry trend toward the "Barbie" type dolls, we have the current No. 1 best seller in the nation in a diminutive five inch doll named "Heidi" — whose physical attributes would warm the cockles of a mother's heart. "Heidi" is built good — like a little girl should! In addition to this, "Heidi's" clothing accessories are limited to one package of three dresses retailing at only $1.80.

Possibly some of your violent objections to "Barbie" have been felt by the little girls of America — who have now flocked to "Heidi" as their psychological messiah.

Snugglebun

Our second entry in the doll market is a beautiful baby doll called "Snugglebun," who when squeezed, will snuggle her head from side to side and say "Mommy." What we have done with "Snugglebun" was to bring back the really lovable baby doll with which all little girls used to play Mamma.

Photographs of both our dolls are enclosed so that, just in case you haven't caught the latest Captain Kangaroo Show, you can see what we mean.

Jack Arnold
Remco Industries, Inc.
Harrison, New Jersey

pros and cons

Sirs:

You are the only magazine I know of that isn't mass media, not literary, not cute and not obviously peddling a "socialism of the 30s' bias. You probably have more subtle biases I haven't spotted yet.

Irene Saylor
Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania

Sirs:

In my opinion your magazine is a valuable contribution to the current event script. Ramparts swings, sings, sighs, outshines them all, a real hallmark, and four winds' honesty!

I pass the word around and sing praises about Ramparts. *Enrapport. Enrapture.*

Paula Johnstone
Chicago, Illinois

Sirs:

During the past five months, I have come to have high respect for the good taste and critical acumen of your publication. However, Ralph Gleason's article "The Times They Are A-Changin',"

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(Ramparts, April, 1965) was a gross exception.

This review of topical and folk music failed to make any differentiation among the many categories and gradation within the field. There are at least two general types of political songs prevalent today — the Freedom song and the topical song — both of which Mr. Gleason lumps together as if they were the same.

The Freedom songs are the only folk songs he mentions. These rhythmic chants are the spontaneous expression of an indigenous movement, based on real human feelings and centuries of tradition. Their message is directly relevant to existential conditions, giving them a legitimate position as musical and social expression.

. . . songs of Dylan and Ochs . . .

The topical songs of Dylan and Ochs are musically classified as art songs, and they must be critically judged for their value as such. If an issue is so complicated that it requires self-conscious and contrived expression, it has no place in music. Topical songs are examples of the same simplistic political thought that they are supposedly protesting. The only things these songs express are the valuelessness and escapism of American youth.

It is interesting that the singers of the Freedom songs are also involved in community organization and political education, while the topical songsters strike out at any available symbol of authority without offering any realistic alternatives. In the Berkeley incident, for example, the university *(in loco parentis)* became the target of their aggression *(in loco parentis)*.

I am sure many of your readers would appreciate a more critical and sophisticated review of folk and/or topical music.

Robert Bott
Haverford College
Haverford, Pennsylvania

Sirs:

The copies of Ramparts I have seen are exciting and impressive both in content and appearance.

As a humanist, I am particularly comforted to witness your effective commitment to human rights. It is good to be reassured, from time to time, that men of good will can work together toward a common goal despite important differences in points of view.

Perhaps, after all, this so-called pluralistic society can be made to work for the benefit of all.

Jay Weiss, D.M.D.
Caldwell, New Jersey

Sirs:

If only all the world had Ramparts' ability to play the red-faced shlemiel (sic) to such perfection! You turn an embarrassment into a chuckle and thereby make the subtle change from irritation to humor with a grace that needs emulating.

. . . the red-faced shlemiel (sic) . . .

Your magazine is always a challenge.

Ruthanne Hogle
Newport Beach, California

Sirs:

You have an amazing magazine. I bought a copy out of curiosity and was astounded to find, in the midst of much far-out journalism, the greatest poems since Dylan Thomas (maybe even since Hopkins!), to wit: Harry Stiehl's "Pictures For An Ossuary." (I never read a word of Stiehl's before, but I'd wager he's a Southerner — he has that Faulknerian stamp of brilliant power.) I'm New England myself and usually more restrained — but it isn't every day one discovers a genius.

. . . one discovers a genius . . .

Paul Endicott
San Francisco, California

Sirs:

Fred J. Cook's disturbing account of the F.B.I.'s inability or unwillingness to deal with organized crime leads one naturally to envision a more than mild revision of that bureau's nature, scope, and self-image.

Many have probably wondered at the wisdom of retaining, indefinitely, a single person to head up any strategic government agency. Indeed, there is a curious discrepancy between replaceable chief executives, senators, and congressmen, and the seeming replaceability of some government bureau chieftains. Perhaps it is too much to expect that any single mortal may successfully cope with intricate anti-crime problems through successive eras without becoming at best dated, at worst jaded; but even were such mortals to be found, the unfortunate ego-involvement which Cook ascribes to Director J. Edgar Hoover would, if present, be a fatal stumbling-block to really effective work. And has anyone yet noted that the F.B.I.'s reliance on percentages and statistics also happens to be an institutional characteristic of Jehovah's Witnesses?

. . . F.B.I.'s reliance on percentages . . .

David Lawson
New York City

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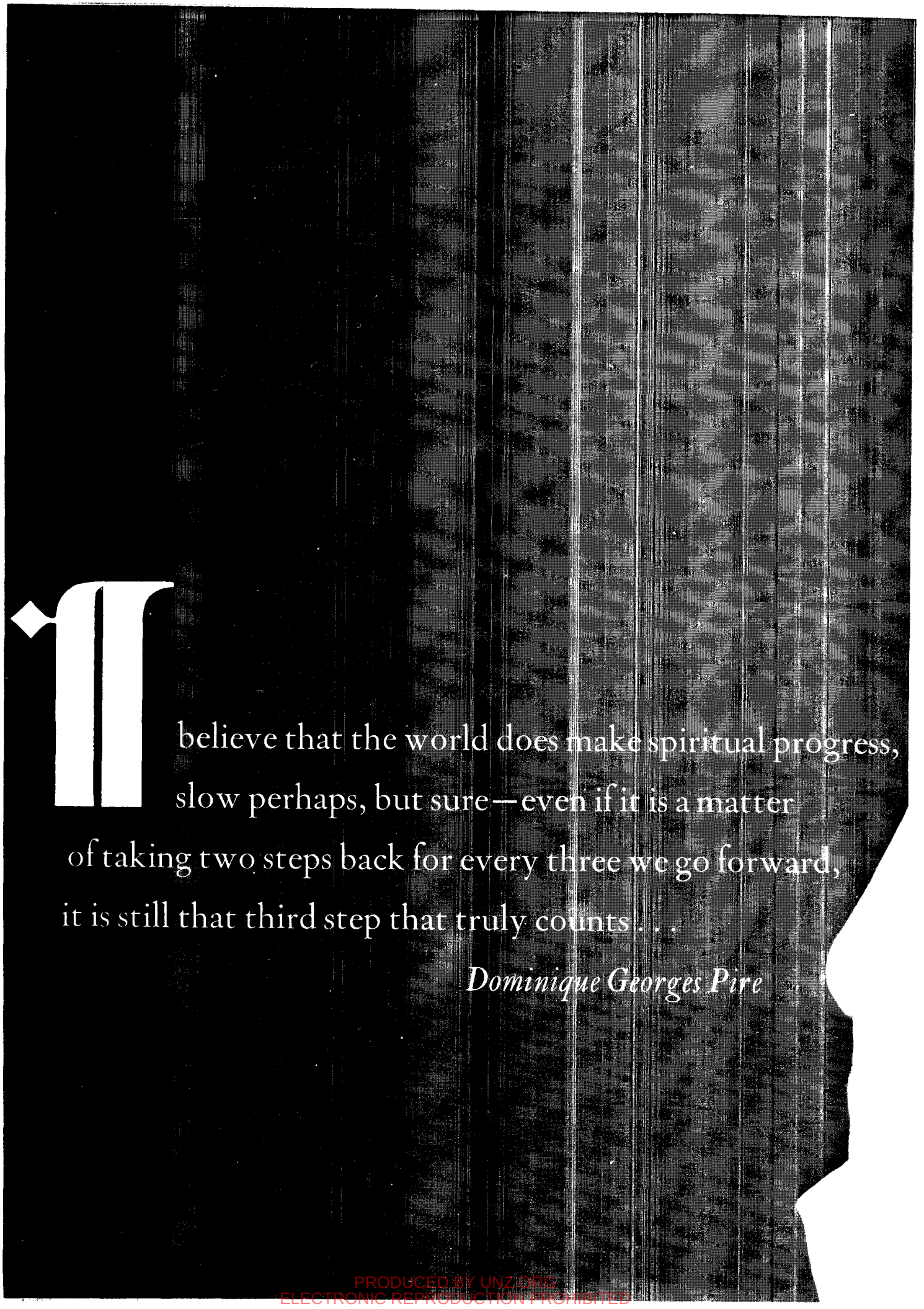

I believe that the world does make spiritual progress, slow perhaps, but sure—even if it is a matter of taking two steps back for every three we go forward, it is still that third step that truly counts . . .

Dominique Georges Pire

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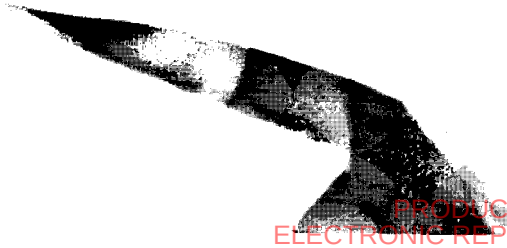

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THE NOBLE VISION OF FATHER PIRE

by Bradford Daniel

Outside it is seven degrees below zero and the citizens of Oslo scurry about their duties or seek luncheon in one of the many tearooms along the boulevards.

Inside the white-marbled, red-carpeted Great Hall of Oslo University, the heroic final chords of Beethoven's *Coriolanus Overture* have sounded. King Olav V and Princess Astrid of Norway, along with other dignitaries present for the solemn ceremonies of December 10, 1958, watch the tall, white-robed Belgian priest approach the podium to speak.

"I should like to use the moral credit of the Nobel Peace Prize in such a way that, when I die, this credit will return to you, not only whole and intact, but increased, augmented, by the way in which I have used it, so that later on, your successors will be able to offer, in the Nobel Peace Prize, even greater moral credit, because your 1958 laureate has borne it well . . ."

The speaker, Reverend Father Dominique Georges Pire, O.P., who opened his address with Newton's words, "Men build too many walls and not enough bridges," continues:

"I believe that the world does make spiritual progress, slow perhaps, but sure – even if it is a matter of taking two steps back for every three we go forward, it is still that third step that truly counts. . ."

A month earlier, the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Parliament gave as its reasons for awarding the Nobel Prize to Father Pire his work in aiding thousands of displaced persons in Europe following World War II. He "carried them in his arms without looking back to see if their hearts were following." Also because his work had been the spontaneous and disinterested endeavor of a single man who had accomplished his deeds without regard to sectarian, national, political and racial limitations. And finally because his work had brought men closer together in that people all over the world had combined to help the suffering displaced persons (D.P.'s) by giving their labor, sympathy and funds to build the D.P. Rehabilitation Villages. "In this way," Hughes Vehenne wrote in his *Story of Father Dominique Pire*, "the suffering which once served to separate mankind, now seemed to unite them."

Born at Dinant, Belgium on February 10, 1910, Father Pire completed his classical studies at Dinant's Bellevue College. After a year of philosophy, he entered the Dominican Order at the Priory of La Sarte, Tihange-

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lez-Huy, near Brussels, in 1928. In 1936, on completion of his Doctorate in Theology in Rome, he continued his studies in Social and Political Sciences at Louvain University. During the following ten years, he taught Moral Philosophy and Sociology.

In 1938, deciding to "act theology as well as teach it," Father Pire founded his first two charitable works: *Service d'Entr'aide Familiale* (free help for needy families) and *Stations de plein air de Huy* (holiday resorts for poor children). During the war years, 1940-1945, these programs fed thousands of children and saved over 1,500 Belgian and French child-victims of V1 and V2 bombs.

The Belgian Dominican's activities as chaplain to the resistance movement and as agent for the intelligence service earned him four distinguished service awards, the first in a long series of international honors.

His work with D.P.'s began in 1949, as a result of hearing a lecture in Brussels on the refugee problem. Father Pire took it upon himself to visit Austrian refugee camps. The sight of these lost, homeless and often hopeless victims left him fervently committed to help.

"Every minority," Father Pire explained, "however small it may be, even if it is only a handful of human beings, *or a single human being, is eminently worthy of respect*. Their weaknesses must be strengthened by all those who have realized that all men are equal in dignity and rights."

He soon created four homes for aged persons. Over 18,000 sponsorships, contacts through letters and parcels, followed, and in 1956, Father Pire established his first "European Village" at Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany. Since then, many others have been founded all over Europe and Father Pire's organizational genius has been recognized throughout the world.

The sponsorships initiated on behalf of refugees during the war evolved into the World Sponsorships program in current operation. It seeks to establish a universal means of sharing troubles, particularly those of minority groups.

Under the sponsorship program, the "godfather" or "godmother" undertakes to provide a fixed amount of aid to his "godchild" for at least one year. This can be to assure the child's education or for many other types of needed help, including help to those refugees who desire to settle down where they are and not wait for political solutions at home to end their exile. Father Pire recently discovered a poverty-stricken widow living in a cave with her children and eating boiled grasses. She wishes to remain in exile, to build a hut and raise some cattle to provide for her large family. Three hundred dollars is needed to help her fulfill her dream.

A young Rwandan wrote Father Pire: "Many families have been sorely tried by the confusion, the horrible violence and hatred, which has reigned in our country for nearly five years. You cannot imagine how touched my family and all the other families are, by this gesture of World Sponsorships which is so indicative of human solidarity. When they see their children able to continue their education thanks to the help of people who at first only knew their names and the situation in which they found themselves, many parents found new hope in the future."

LATE in 1959, Father Pire was invited by the government of Pakistan to visit and study that country's social problems.

Among other places, Father Pire inspected the East Pakistan village of Chittagong, a region ravaged by a cyclone shortly before his arrival. The tragedy had claimed almost 20,000 lives and caused enormous havoc. Despite the catastrophe, Father Pire found the people optimistic and eager to collaborate for the common good.

"I am going away with my heart full of you," Father Pire said on leaving the capital of Dacca, "but I will return with my hands full." Within two years he was back and established the first "Island of Peace" at Gohira. He selected a noted Belgian agricultural engineer, Léon de Fays, to head the project.

"Some people are surprised that I call my undertaking an 'Island of Peace.' However, it is a fine and comprehensible symbol, for an island is a little point of hope in an empty immensity. An Island of Peace for the people of Gohira is the hope of enough to eat and better health. For the world, for each of us, the Island of Peace is a little hope, an island of understanding among men."

Like most of his projects, the Island of Peace is designed to help people help themselves, to work through them rather than to impose anything from the outside.

Eight people, four Europeans and four Moslem Pakistanis comprise the team that helps the village. In the first three years, a simple and inexpensive complex of buildings has gone up. Monsieur de Fays has improved rice cultivation, introduced the use of fertilizers – never before known in the region – and demonstrated improved methods of sowing and planting. New crops are being harvested for the first time at Gohira: potatoes, cabbage, peas, onions, tomatoes.

A fish breeding program has been set up. More than

BRADFORD DANIEL, *a free lance writer and lecturer, is the editor of* Black White and Gray, *an anthology on race relations, and has a novel in progress.*

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a dozen production cooperatives now function. A carpentry workshop has been opened.

Nurse Annie Folliot, in 18 months, visited over 7,000 patients, assisted at hundreds of confinements and, with the physician, helped save the lives of many seriously ill Pakistanis.

After a lengthy inspection of the Island in April, 1964, Father Pire told his huge audience at Gohira:

"We are here for you. It must be very clear now. We have no ulterior motive in our work. It must be finally a pure humanitarian work, a work coming from our heart and going to yours. We desire to do here a completely disinterested work, a work of human love..."

Father Pire visualizes his work in Pakistan as a powerful unifying principle between human beings. All who participate in accomplishing the Island of Peace must first discard all competition, all concealed motives. "For this, a sole motive must suffice – the one who has the bread shares it with those who have none."

On his return from the Nobel ceremonies in Oslo, Father Pire was told by a Belgian journalist: "From now on, you are a part of every man's dream of peace."

For the next six months, Father Pire meditated on his responsibilities as "brother of all men." His meditation gave him the idea of "putting all the people of good will in the world at the service of all the miseries." From this grew an official, non-profit association, "The Heart Open to the World," through which all of Father Pire's diverse activities are channeled.

Following the sudden fame of his Nobel award, Father Pire was besieged by letters from hundreds of young men and women offering to help build refugee villages. This offer of aid could not be accepted, since the villages had been built already by experts.

His appreciation for their generosity, however, forbade him from sending them away empty of any hope of fulfilling themselves. In an offer to train them for such work, he agreed to devote a few weeks in order to teach them to become good workers in their respective countries. By this time, Father Pire was profoundly convinced that only through a true dialogue can men attain to understanding and peace.

The cornerstone of the University of Peace, dedicated to teaching the dialogue, and financed jointly by Father Pire's Nobel Prize money and public donations, was laid during ceremonies on April 10, 1960, at Tihange-lez-Huy, Belgium.

"It was logical that the general principles and concrete application of the Fraternal Dialogue should first of all be taught to others," he noted. "It was not logic, however, that was to lead me to teach. It was life itself. Sometimes, in this life, one must let events dictate one's action, especially if these events are linked up with the material and moral good of men. The University of Peace was born naturally, as a plant naturally shoots up from the earth."

The University, like all of Father Pire's works, is operated on a supra-national and supra-denominational plane, not only because it is open to all, but also because respect for all is to be found there, and, as much as possible, complete detachment. It has nothing in common with youth hostels or holiday centers. It is a study-center, or as Father Pire has described it, "a mine-disposal school for learning to build bridges between two sides which before had been indifferently unaware of each other or even hostile."

The University, which has no permanent financial means, attracts lecturers from all over the world – recognized authorities in many fields who come to Huy without salary to share their knowledge with an international body of students. Topics discussed range from human relationships, the rights of man, nationalism, refugee problems, class struggles, religious intolerance, phenomenology of the dialogue through nuclear weapons and human geography.

Students are selected with great care. A sound basic education is needed to profit from the lectures and discussions. The courses, simultaneously translated into English, French, Italian and German, are presented in a concentrated manner that requires high qualities of attention and assimilation.

Students learn that the University, like the world, is not a rostrum where each comes to explain his own convictions, certainly not to convert, but rather it is a place where the ultimate good is achieved through the experience of learning to work and live together, despite all differences, as the brothers that they are. The school takes human beings from widely dissimilar backgrounds and cultures and allows them to experience their similarities under conditions that make for a study of the impediments to dialogue. They learn, in essence, that "there is a real and deep resemblance amongst human beings, who, let there be no doubt, are more alike than unalike," as Father Pire states. "Whoever they are, their destinies and their cares add up to the same three things: loving, suffering, dying. The differences have been stressed too often. It is up to us to stress the common denominator."

As John Howard Griffin, authority on racism and one of the lecturers last summer, concluded to his classes: "Mankind is faced with two basic alternatives. We can look beyond the superficial differences and view one another simply as humans, and therefore begin to dialogue with complete respect for those dif-

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An African student rises to ask a question; students and visitors enjoy an afternoon snack; an informal session with Professor Raymond Vander Elst—glimpses of life at the University of Peace.

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ferences. Or we can deny our common humanity and set about the insane business of killing one another. If some spark does set the keg afire, it will be a senseless tragedy of ignorant against ignorant, a holocaust that will drag down the innocent and right-thinking masses of human beings."

Students who attended the summer sessions under the tutelage of Father Pire, John Howard Griffin, Raymond Vander Elst and many other of the most distinguished humanitarians of our time, returned to their homelands to undertake generous and effective actions: an Arab founded a group uniting Moslems, Christians and Jews; a young African founded a work camp which united 150 people of ten different tribes; an Irish girl formed a dialogue-group of Catholics and Protestants; three students began a program of selling stamps, each worth the price of a loaf of bread, which developed into the Bread for Peace campaign to aid the Island of Peace in Pakistan.

Father Pire and John Howard Griffin have remained in close contact since Mr. Griffin's return to America. They are planning new action programs by which to diminish the spread of racism around the world. Among these is an extension of Father Pire's World Friendships program formulated in 1961. It seeks to incarnate the Fraternal Dialogue. "The world could be destroyed

Doctrine of the Fraternal Dialogue

by Dominique Georges Pire

WE ARE surrounded by crises of disunity, hunger, injustice. We have too many humans whose most elementary rights are not respected, even though these rights inhere in humanity and are proclaimed by a Universal Declaration. The inhabitants of this world could, with little effort, harmonize their differences, which are, in themselves, a richness. In order to achieve this, we must translate a cacophony into a harmony, accept diversity as a richness, leave behind the conflicts by accepting other men, concretely, as different from ourselves.

The Fraternal Dialogue is far more, and far better, than simply helping, even collectively, to relieve material suffering. It is above all an endeavor to reflect on and study the underlying principles of universal fraternal action — an endeavor which should lead to the acceptance of the "other" as another, with all his differences.

Each individual feeling responsible for all the others— how fine this is, how necessary, theoretically approved, and yet how little realized. It is the finest of all tasks — now that the moment has come to educate human beings as citizens of the world, and to give men a civic planetary outlook.

The ancients used to say, "If you wish for peace, prepare for war." By keeping this principle, which is still beloved of all the States and blocs, would we not be admitting that all conflict will be resolved by violence, that humanity is incapable of progress?

However, let our attitude not be one which wavers naïvely at the opposite extreme from violence and which is founded on an exaggerated confidence in others. Any subjected confidence between two people presupposes an objective basis for this confidence. And I would be far from advocating, for example, unilateral disarmament as a way leading directly to peace.

But between violence and naïvety, is there not room for an attitude constituting progress from violence without the risk of naïvety? My old friend, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, said to me one day, "The finest thing one can do towards peace is to fight against preconceived mistrust." Systematic mistrust can only engender systematic mistrust. An iron curtain can be partly a double

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while numerous excellent lectures on the Fraternal Dialogue were being given," Father Pire said. "The Dialogue must be used. It must not become sterile. Most people who want to cooperate in the birth of a fraternal world are separated from one another by great geographical distances. For them, the simplest way to dialogue is by correspondence."

Correspondence between two persons is set up by means of a questionnaire. This helps the staff to choose for each person a correspondent who has shown in his questionnaire his desire to enter into dialogue with someone from another country or another racial or ethnic group.

Mr. Griffin's lectures at the University prompted him and Father Pire to expand the auspices of World Friendship first to American Negroes, and ultimately to anyone desiring such a dialogue.

In a joint communique, issued on August 10, 1964, they announced:

"Throughout the world, news media tell of racial injustices and growing tensions in America. A wave of alarm and perplexity has spread over Europe.

"In a concerted international effort to place Negro citizens of America on a plane of *equality in dignity* with all other men, John Howard Griffin and Father Dominique Pire, O.P., today announced their proposal

curtain of smoke, of misunderstanding. We must enter into authentic dialogue with those who differ from us.

Opposite me is the "other." Neither my religion, the color of my skin, my wealth, my culture, nor my social, political or economic system authorizes me to force others to resemble me. Nor have I to renounce being myself, or to submit to those who differ from me. I must try to understand and appreciate the other's point of view in a positive way, while not necessarily sharing it. Harmony does not suppress the different voices, it brings them into accord. This definition of the Fraternal Dialogue makes us grasp straight away both how rare *true dialogue* is and the extent to which all sorts of false dialogues abound.

The dialogue is false if one speaks and the other is reduced merely to listening; if each of the two adversaries expresses his ideas without bothering to understand the other's; if the so-called dialogue is held using words to which each of the speakers gives a different meaning. Words such as *peace, harmony, liberty, democracy* and even *dialogue,* often serve as a basic matter in this "dialogue of the deaf."

The differences which do in fact separate human beings would be reduced to truer proportions if they were rid of the bilateral prejudices which reinforce them. We must not be blinded to our resemblances by our differences. I believe in the unity of the human family, and it is this family, in its entirety, that must be served.

Disarmament of minds and hearts must precede disarmament of the hands.

One must begin with oneself; one must become a free adult human being, recognizing oneself as a world of contradictions, mastering and purifying oneself intimately. Each individual should be sufficiently free and detached from his own interest to be able to understand the other's interest *as well as he understands his own.* Let us call this detachment which permits of a truly objective judgment of the situation "interior peace." Peace can only come through total renouncement of oneself. From the short-term point of view, it is patience which creates the most favorable climate for building peace. But the builders are love and justice.

To avoid the "dialogue of the deaf," the first condition is the search for a common meaning of words, or at least a recognition of the various meanings given to the same words. One would know, for example, that the word *liberty* has different meanings to the capitalist and Marxist worlds, that *pax Americana* and *pax Sovietica* do not mean the same thing, and that on neither side is there true peace or true liberty. The expression, "the free world," as well, is only an attempt to annex liberty; for a world in which total respect for the Negro of America, of Angola, of South Africa, does not exist, has no more right than a totalitarian state to call itself free.

Another condition is mutual sincerity, which is eminently reconcilable with the existence of real differences. Mutual confidence is essential for the practice of the Fraternal Dialogue. It is certainly not by believing *a priori* that everything which comes from the "other" originates from unhealthy designs and Machiavellian schemes that world tension will diminish.

The first stage is something very simple: useful work uniting people who are different. The aim of this work in common should be, if possible, the relief of human suffering. At this level alone, there is much to be done in the world today. In the second stage, it is no longer only our hearts which we give to those who are suffering; we begin to give our intelligence itself to the brother humans, *in whose company* we are helping those who suffer. Each recognizes and acclaims the nobility and inspiration which leads all the others, from such different horizons, to give themselves to this work.

A third stage could be reached.

At this stage, everyone would be prepared to confront the intellectual and spiritual foundations of his conception of the world and of his action with the outlooks of others. He would do this in a spirit of profound respect for the truths of others, letting drop all prejudices, all *a priori* simplifications and stereotypes which cloud our vision of things and beings. It would be a positive search for points of contact, for a better mutual understanding of the ideals of life which inspire others to action.

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to extend to Negro citizens of America the service of World Friendships.

"This program will put Negro citizens of America, by correspondence, in relations of friendship and understanding with people the world over, to help people understand our problems and avoid the racism that has caused such concern to the United States. Therefore, it has a far more profound purpose than merely getting to know someone from another land."

Griffin and Father Pire envisioned this as an authentic and invaluable service to peoples of the world, most of whom struggle with problems of racism afflicting different victim groups. Most news and explanations carried abroad are interpretations by whites. Who better than Negroes could clarify the real problems, of which even the best-intentioned whites are so often unaware. "Most Negro children of 12 know in depth the answers to questions that adult whites continue to ask me about racism," Griffin stated. "This program is seen as another means of building bridges instead of walls."

"This is what we mean by peace," Father Pire added. "True peace. Peace is not the mere absence of war, but primarily the creation of a climate of mutual understanding among men – the humanization of their differences. Peace is nothing more than a constant effort towards mutual understanding and love. Nothing more and nothing less. Disarmament of the hands will only be made possible by the disarmament of minds and hearts. The Fraternal Dialogue is the only *true* way towards *true* peace."

European Villages, the University of Peace, World Friendships, World Sponsorships, the Island of Peace, and the list continues to grow as Father Pire's ministrations spread to the far corners of the earth, wherever men are forced to live as less than men; from the 100,000 Tibetan refugees now living in misery in India, to a simple letter to Governor George Wallace of Alabama, dated March 12, 1965 in which he stated his principles once again:

Mr. Governor:

Will you take the trouble to read this letter personally and to reply personally? I wish to let you know of the horror we all feel here on seeing the scenes from Selma on the television. I defend neither the Western World, nor what your compatriots and perhaps yourself call "the free world," nor the Christian world. I defend Man, whatever he may be, Man, equal in dignity to all other men, to you yourself. What is it you are afraid of? It is you who are breeding hatred. Negroes are giving you a lesson in greatness: will you understand in time? Understand, in any case, that our hearts are with theirs. If you believe in God – which would increase your responsibility – what are you going to say to Him? And what can you hope to make people believe, anywhere in the world where you may wish to act, if you yourself have human blood on your hands?

I assure you, Mr. Governor, of my solidarity with all the Negroes and anti-racists of this world.

The middle-aged Belgian priest continues indefatigably in his vocation to "put all the people of good will in the world at the service of all the miseries." He has not for one moment forgotten his pledge, as the youngest Nobel Prize winner (until Martin Luther King received the award), to "augment the greater moral credit of the Nobel Peace Prize." An insomniac since the Hungarian Revolution, he often remembers, on sleepless nights, another guiding phrase told him by an elderly German one day when Father Pire spoke of his discouragement in getting the "Villages" under way. "It's because so few care about their fellow men, that those like you who do care, must care all the more."

RAMPARTS *is pleased to advise that monetary contributions to the University of Peace can be sent to: Father Pire Fund, Chase Manhattan Bank, 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York 15, New York. Scholarships for American students are especially welcome. All contributions are tax deductible.*

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A Visit to Huy

JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN

The following extracts are from the journals Mr. Griffin kept during his stay at Huy last summer when he was visiting lecturer at Father Pire's University. They reveal added insights into the life and activities of Father Pire.

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JULY 17, 1964 – Am finally settled in my cell here at the Dominican priory. Father Pire brought me in only a half hour ago. This ancient building, on top of a hill overlooking the city of Huy, is like the monasteries I used to know in France – truly poor and simple. I am occupying the cell of a Father Leonard, who is away on a trip. It is a small room, large enough only for a desk, cot and washstand. The ceilings are very high, the walls lined with books. A single window looks out beyond poplars to the lights of the village below. No screens, so the room hums with night bugs. A vast surrounding silence of other cells.

In the corner near the window, a large crock wash-bowl covers the washstand; it holds a carafe of wash water. The water faucet and toilet are at the end of the corridor.

I feel immediately at home here. Everything begins to relax. A great contentment born long ago (how many years) in other cloisters returns this silent night in this ill-lighted cell.

Occasionally I hear a footstep. Father Pire never sleeps, so they say. He moves about in his cell across the hall. One of the world's great men, Nobel Prize winner, Doctor of Theology, Lawyer – 36 years he has lived in this building, in a cell like this.

Am torn with the desire to write – to write all of this that is so new and yet so deeply familiar from my past. And at the same time, torn to be still, silent – to allow the experience of simply being here to fill those crusted and calloused places of myself. Great fatigue overwhelms me, comfortable, even pleasant now in this quiet, this poverty, this simplicity.

I bought a bottle of powdered *Nescafé* and take a long time preparing some in a glass of cold water. There is time here – a sudden luxury.

Odd, if I had these accommodations in a hotel, I would be depressed and wretched; as I was when I was a Negro and could get nothing better.

I told Father Pire tonight: "This seems a planet away from Mississippi."

It is warm tonight, still. Through the open window from somewhere far in the distance below I can distinctly hear an infant squalling. Universal sound, thrice familiar to the heart of any father, familiar to all the nights of men.

All of these hundreds of volumes, many of the large paper-bound kind of years ago, yellowed. Some mind inhabiting this cell has read them, pressed their knowledge into his own wisdom. Books in Latin, French, English, German.

JULY 18, 1964 – After Vespers, supper in the refectory – bread and butter (one takes two immense slabs of bread which have already been buttered in between), fresh tomatoes, boiled potatoes with raw onion slices mashed into them, a plain omelet, an orange and black coffee.

Even though I learned to eat fast long ago at the Benedictines of Solesmes, I could not keep the pace. I still had a large portion of bread to consume when I noticed the Prior reach for his bell. He waited, watching me. I crammed the bread into my mouth and he rang. I almost choked on it while we stood and chanted the after-dinner prayers.

In the midst of supper the skies turned green, the wind suddenly rose, the refectory filled with a garish glow of lightning. The rain brought a blessed coolness.

The window of my cell is surrounded with some type of large leafed ivy. Rain rattles against the leaves, so near and clear it is as though it were striking my very eardrums.

In the obscurity of the storm, the whitewashed corridors are dark except for the faint light that penetrates from side windows – a beautiful kind of visual repose, visual silence.

Now the wind and rain subside. Thunder rumbles away toward the distant hills.

Two monks converse in loud whispers, shouting whispers down the corridor. A door squeaks on its hinges, closing. Silence.

The principal speaker today at the University was Father Cornelis, O.P. Marvelously clear exposition of the theology of the Fraternal Dialogue.

Father Pire is careful that the University *not* appear sectarian in any way – but a University belonging to all men, welcoming all men of all colors and politics and faiths (or no faith). Today while I was photographing the lecture, he asked me not to publish any photographs of the two Dominican Fathers together. And he deliberately absented himself from Father Cornelis' conferences, as he told me, so as to avoid any suggestion in the students' minds that this might be a Dominican school.

He is most successful. Students from all countries meet, and with no hint of any particular religious or political orientation, learn to dialogue while studying

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JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN, *a Senior Editor of* RAMPARTS, *is a prominent lecturer on racial problems and the author of* The Devil Rides Outside *and* Black Like Me.

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the great problems of our times from medical men, lawyers, philosophers, etc.

More and more I am persuaded that we desperately need such a University in the United States, where great numbers of students could come to learn the techniques of dialogue and the impediments that prevent dialogue. Odd, I am called to Europe to help teach the dialogue, and yet I have never even been asked to speak about dialogue in all of the hundreds of lectures I give in the United States.

JULY 19, 1964—Overcast sky and a chill breeze at dawn. Mass at seven in the Chapel downstairs. Birdsongs and stillness. Green trees and distant hills seen through haze.

Nerves gradually come to a profound quiet. I feel almost stunned by this healing process and sit dumbly while the curative forces of peace and security work within me. A kind of muted harmony settles like mist over the clash and blare of this past year.

Nature is fully in it—the trees, the body—the washings and shavings and feedings and sleeps. The soul rests in these things now in an almost somnolent state, abiding, not counting the time, not concentrating but merely being. A kind of felicity is glimpsed occasionally.

JULY 22, 1964—Three days of intense work. Press conferences, radio and TV shows, two lectures. Returned here at ten p.m. with Father Pire, both of us too exhausted to speak; but we discussed again the need for a branch of the University in America.

I do not understand how Father Pire keeps from collapsing. Since the day of the Hungarian revolt six years ago he has suffered a relentless insomnia. He sleeps one or two hours a night. Sometimes he goes for days without lying down. Whenever I go to the bathroom at night, I often see the light under his door, though often he just lies there in the dark to rest.

My admiration for him grows each day. For many years he was a renowned teacher of theology until he began his "works" and, as he says, "abandoned the theory for the practice." But he is so unassuming and so open one has to remind oneself who he really is, and how many thousands of lives he has saved from despair.

I have heard he reads detective novels to help pass the sleepless nights, to divert his mind from his work. I am reminded of Madame Alexander Grunelius' remark to me of Jacques Maritain's penchant for reading detective novels to distract his mind long enough to allow him to sleep. This lady, whose chateau in Kolbsheim is a resting place, a retreat for the world's great intellectuals, said she was amazed at how many supremely gifted thinkers read mysteries for the same reason.

"But they must be poorly written," she explained. "If they are well-written they hold the reader and prevent the sleep."

AUGUST 1, 1964—A long day's work. Opening of the new session at the University. Father Pire gave a brilliant analysis of the Dialogue. I jotted down some of his statements:

"To speak without first listening is not dialogue, but monologue."

"We must distinguish between dialogue between two and a mere double monologue."

"Unilateral declarations published at the same time are simply double monologues. The greatest error is to make people believe that a double monologue is a true dialogue."

"Monologue separates. Dialogue unites."

"To build bridges across chasms that separate us—dialogue."

"Those who oppose dialogue are fanatics. They want only to hear their own monologue and will listen to no other truth than the one they think they possess."

"I firmly believe men can get along together—by accepting and frankly admitting their contradictions."

"Dialogue—to open oneself to the 'other'."

"Dialogue—to escape the prison of words and prejudiced ideas."

"Dialogue—the spirit of honest disagreement."

"The problem of contradictions—the human cacophony."

AUGUST 2, 1964—Next Sunday I will be in Texas, a continent away. Here, at six p.m., a cold sunlight streams through the window of my cell. It casts a magnificent glow into every corner of these white plaster walls. Church bells from the valley float up faintly to us—the sounds of sunset. Otherwise, a profound hush is softened only by hints of conversations somewhere in the valley and a breeze rustling the trees outside. Moments of profound peace. Soon supper, then Matins and Lauds and then, at 8:45, I am scheduled to lecture to the monks here at La Sarte.

Another magnificently clarifying lecture from Father Pire this morning.

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But everything fades as my awareness concentrates on the peace that overwhelms me after the relentless tensions of the past years. It stupefies me. I feel a tremendous pull toward sleep always. I do not resist it, two hour nap this afternoon, waking from time to time to glance out at the sky and the poplars framed by my window, sensing the benevolence of this place and falling effortlessly into sleep again. At four, coffee and a large slice of bread and a banana, alone in the refectory.

My last Sunday here. I'll return surely, but not again in this cell, not again in this cloister because next year I'll bring my family, God willing, and that will be better but never again the same. So I look at everything with the eyes of a last time, feel everything with that special sensibility.

And my heart looks ahead to the joy of being with my family next Sunday – but with dread of the telephone calls, the constant running in the paths of man's inhumanity to man.

Long, long twilights from about 6:30 to 9 p.m.

Marvelous light here. At the end of the article he did about me in *Figaro Litteraire* this week, Gilles Lapouge caught it, too. He wrote: "Now we are in the monastery at La Sarte. Inside the cloister there is a garden, a bush of red roses, the last brilliance of evening sun. I don't know if John Griffin has told me all he wanted to. I suspect not. We could speak for hours. But in this setting where all elements are reconciled, surrounded by the miraculous accord of light on stone walls, John Griffin feels the need to pause, to stop a while."

Earlier in the same piece, he wrote with extraordinary perception: "Griffin wanders along the banks of the Neuse between Namur and Liège with a metal case containing complicated photographic equipment. What does he photograph? The ancient farms of the region, he says, and I think this is not exactly true. I think he photographs only the gentleness, the peace and the order of these scenes."

In spite of the long sleep and the hours of catching up on rest, one works here; finally much gets done and without great effort. Everything is perfectly organized to let work flow on its own rhythm, naturally, without force or strain.

AUGUST 4, 1964 – Radio, television and press conferences all afternoon. I returned here this evening to dress for tonight's concert – a recital by Jacques Genty and Lola Bobesco, sonatas by Bach, Mozart and Beethoven, performed by two supreme artists. A moving thing – the students dress informally for all of the lectures, no matter how distinguished the lecturer; but they invariably dress for the music with which Father Pire surrounds us – a homage to music.

While I was here bathing – 186 pounds in two quarts of cold water in a washbowl – three young men from Father Pire's home for refugee children called at the little reception room downstairs. When I went down, they asked me for a conference. One, Jewish, orphaned when his parents were sent to Hitler's ovens, told me that war was declared today between the United States and the Viet Cong. I wait alone now for further news with a great weight in my chest.

Listened to the news on a transistor radio. No war yet. United States accused of brinkmanship in Vietnam to distract attention from growing racial crises in America. Trouble in New Jersey and Philadelphia. Announced also the discovery of the mutilated bodies of the three students missing in Mississippi.

This is the reality. One speaks of men like Father Pire as though they were dreamers, when nothing could be less true, if this implies a lack of reality. Father Pire lived through the nightmare of occupation in a village where for each German slain, 50 local family-fathers were shot as hostages. The same racism, different version, comes to light in Mississippi with the finding of the bodies. This report says James Chaney was severely beaten before being shot. Dehumanization of the racists. This is what I go back to, back to the rooms where I must look into the ravaged faces of James Chaney's mother, or Clyde Kennard's mother and how many more mothers of martyrs before we learn to stop justifying our cheating?

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(In the following article, the author discusses his views on a basic problem traditionally confronting newspaper and magazine publishers and editors. In keeping with this theme the text is presented in the form of first galley proofs, an early step in an editor's production of a finished article.

THE FICTITIOUS FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

by Howard Gossage

OF ALL THE CONCEPTS on which our Republic rests, I should imagine freedom of the press to be far and away the best known. This is hardly strange, since those who are the most vitally interested in promoting freedom of the press are also those who have all the facilities for doing so, the newspapers themselves.

As a space grabber, any real or fancied violation of freedom of the press has it all over even such favorite contributions to our intellectual well-being as axe murders of teen-age girls, what's new with the Johnsons, or the Academy Awards. If there is one single incident which, from a newspaper's point of view, would make the Greatest Story Ever Told, it would be this: Patty Duke, at the Academy Awards, smashes a newspaper photographer's camera with her Oscar; whereupon McGeorge Bundy, enraged at non-administration news managing, attacks her with an axe, and throws her fully clothed body into a swimming pool.

Despite all the venerable sanctity accorded it, and all the publicity — as witness the 1963 furor over White House censorship — as concepts go, freedom of the press is a pretty new thing and for a pretty good reason: until just yesterday in man's history there was no press to be free or otherwise. Indeed, at the time the Constitution was written there were no newspapers as we know them. Then, they were little better than politically-slanted poop sheets which made small effort to separate editorial views from news matter. It may be argued that the same can be said of Time, which is quite unfair, for everyone knows there were no four-color presses in those days. And of course there was nothing to compare with, say The New York Times, which gives us "all the news that's fit to print." I sometimes wish that more of it was fit to read.

It is doubtful that the founding fathers, for all their wisdom, had the slightest inkling of the extent to which communications media would develop by our time. In spite of this, freedom of the press is still a vital concept today, long after certain other items in the Bill of Rights — such as those protecting citizens from

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Bills of Attainder, or from having to quarter troops in private homes — have ceased to be matters of intense concern.

In a way it is too bad that so much is made of our Constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press from government control, for it tends to obscure other incursions on freedom of the press which are just as dangerous, and much more immediate. That these incursions are economic rather than political makes them much harder to recognize. This is because we are admittedly an economic society with a long tradition of protecting our economic interests against political inroads. Economics is a *nice* word, politics is a *bad* word. So we are unlikely to look for invasions of our political freedoms in perfectly legitimate economic practices, or to comprehend their enormous implications, even when we find them staring us straight in the face.

In this century we have seen effective control of our press shift from the public, for whom it presumably exists, to the advertiser, who merely uses it to sell his wares to the public. It has shifted so much that the life or death of a publication no longer depends on whether its readers like it, but on whether advertisers like it.

Within our lifetime, more than half the daily newspapers in this country have folded, most of them with their circulations more or less intact; magazines with circulations into the millions have gone under, not because their readers didn't love them, but because advertisers didn't.

There have, of course, been other factors at work. But I think it is clear that the central fact in this deplorable situation is that our press, by committing the overwhelming portion of its financial well-being to the discretion of advertisers, has done its readers, itself, and even advertising, irremediable harm. If we are to do anything about it, we had better begin by looking into the cause.

Originally, a publication was almost totally dependent upon its readers for financial support, and therefore it charged them accordingly; if a magazine was worth five cents, they paid five cents for it. However, with the growth of advertising, the publication enjoyed more and more income from paid space. Now this was a very pleasant situation indeed: the advertising revenue was, in effect, found money. Moreover, it provided yet another reason for getting new readers: more could be charged for the advertising as more people bought the publication — still at a profitable five cents. My God, how the money rolled in!

But not for long. At some point two opposing economic spoilsports — rising production costs and competition — started to ruin the whole lovely thing. On the one hand it was necessary to raise the reader's price; on the other hand it was desirable to keep the price down so as to attract more circulation and more advertising dollars.

The publication couldn't do both, so it made a decision — a fateful one as it turned out — for it thereby committed itself to an increasingly irreversible course which it still pursues. It probably didn't seem like much of a decision at the time, however. Why antagonize the customers, and help the competition, by raising the price from a nickel to a clumsy figure like six cents? No, what we'll do is give the reader a break so we can keep up the circulation and get more advertising.

Some break. On the day the reader first bought a publication for less than it cost to produce, he lost his economic significance. He became circulation. He traded off his end of freedom of the press. It was a forced sale; the publisher had already traded off the other end. Of course, the editor was still free to write as he wished without government censorship, but there are other freedoms upon which this freedom depends — the freedom to publish, for instance. Is freedom to publish really significant if the power to kill it has been assigned to outsiders?

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It seems to me that any publication represents a contractual agreement between the publisher and the readers. He will undertake to publish something to suit their tastes and they, on their side, will support the publication as long as he does. This is a perfectly just and reasonable arrangement embodying such sturdy traditions as democracy, free enterprise, and freedom of choice. But it becomes meaningless when a third party has the controlling last word.

The sad fact is, that no matter how many readers faithfully renew their subscriptions, no matter how pleased readers are by a publication, they will be deprived of it if sufficient advertising is not forthcoming. Circulation revenue is just not high enough to be of any real significance. In effect, the price the reader pays has been subsidized by advertisers, so that he gets a 25 cent newspaper for a dime, and a 75 cent magazine for a quarter. Actually, he rarely pays anywhere near that much, for publishers, anxious to look good on the Audit Bureau of Circulation (ABC), continually put out special offers that, in some cases, bring the price of a fifty cent magazine down to about 19 cents.

The public has paid dearly for its cheap magazines; and there are fewer and fewer around for them to pick up at bargain rates. Few new magazines are being published, mostly for the reason that the subsidized, artificially low rate structure makes it extraordinarily difficult for any but the richest publishing ventures to get started. Advertisers, who could help — if only to make up for the old corpses they created by starvation — are extremely reluctant to go into new magazines. Advertising agencies are reluctant too, but for an additional reason: there's no money in it. Fifteen per cent of next to nothing is just not worth it.

Although the commission system is obsolete and the advertising agency obsolescent as concepts, they (and the philosophy they represent) continue to dominate and pervert our communications media. This is because they constitute a concentration of power which changes advertising from an added service within a medium to being its controlling factor. This should not be. While it is a very nice added service to have hot dogs at a football game I don't think they should interrupt the play to sell them. This is precisely what happens on television. Why do we tolerate this outrage on our most powerful communications medium — a medium that demonstrably belongs to us? It is only licensed to the operators. Now, even the Rose Bowl game has time-outs for commercials.

Why would they interrupt a game to hawk razor blades on TV when they wouldn't do it to hawk hot dogs in the stadium? Simply because more money comes from selling razor blades than comes from the viewers, whereas the receipts from hot dog sales are minor compared to those from ticket sales.

Suppose the latter situation was reversed; that the proceeds from hot dog sales were greater than ticket receipts. Moreover, that it was more profitable, hot dog-wise, to have a full stadium, even though the spectators got in free or had greatly reduced special introductory rates, than to have a smaller crowd at the full price. This might affect the constituency of the audience right off the bat, because it's not quite the same thing when you get in free, and many people would rather pay for their pleasures. But, since we are now interested in numbers, things were going along very well; the place was packed and everyone was happy, even though they had been demoted from spectators to potential hot dog consumers.

However, here comes that economic spoilsport again: high football production costs made it necessary to bring in more money. You certainly couldn't expect people to *pay* to see football games when they were used to seeing them for nothing. And you couldn't raise the price of hot dogs beyond a certain reasonable point. The only thing to have done was to try to sell *more* hot dogs. A survey sponsored by the American Association of Hot Dog Vendors showed that

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the peak hot dog consumption period was the half time intermission, which, as with most surveys, everybody knew anyway. (It reminds me of Carl Ally's definition of a consultant: A man who borrows your watch and tells you what time it is.)

The obvious solution, brilliant in its simplicity, was ten minute intermissions between quarters. But, so as not to extend the game so much that it ran over into the game which immediately followed in the same stadium — the late show — five minutes was chopped off of each period.

With the advent of the ten minute quarter the character of the game changed somewhat. Not that it made much difference to the fans, because the fans had changed too. They no longer felt fiercely about football, they just came to watch it with varying degrees of interest. Sometimes they weren't very interested at all and attendance dwindled. However, the top-rated games pulled very well indeed and were much copied for format. It was found, for instance, that the most popular game one season was a 29 to 27 struggle between Duke and Northwestern, decided in the last 12 seconds of play by a field goal kicked by a Duke pom-pom girl. The next year nearly every game got down to the finish line 27 to 26 with an underdog pom-pom girl trying a field goal. Talk about your suspense!

Thus, football ended up a sort of open air television; except that if you wanted to escape the hot dog vendors you had to walk a half mile to the bathroom.

I used this analogy when I was teaching at Penn State in 1962. When I had finished the Saga of the Hot Dog Vendors we got into a discussion of the rights of advertisers versus those of the audience. One girl said she certainly thought that advertisers had the right to control television programming; after all, they paid for it. I asked her if she thought that hot dog vendors had the right to change football games. "Of course," she said, "if they paid my way in." "But what right have they got to pay your way in?" I asked. "Whose football game is it? Whose stadium is it? Whose university is it? It's yours. It doesn't belong to the hot dog vendors, it belongs to you; and so do our communications media."

It's easy to kick the hell out of television, but to my mind the other media are just as culpable. Television's abuses are just more obvious, that's all. If you still doubt that the same destructive forces are at work on magazines, for instance, let us consider how a great magazine dies.

The process works something like this: at a certain point it is noticed that advertising revenue has slumped. Usually the cause for this will have occurred some time in the past — poor management, poor representation, poor whatever-it-is that causes confidence to sag — so it is not always easy to find out where the trouble lies. At any rate, to stem the tide, everybody is exhorted to get out there and sell, and the promotion department turns out a few gross more bar charts showing the magazine's overwhelming superiority in every field from baby pants to nuclear reactors.

They also turn out a brand new audience survey which proves incontrovertibly that their average readers are young marrieds, have 1.5 dogs, 2.5 children, 3.5 cars, own an 8-room house outright, go to Europe 2.3 times a year, drink enormous quantities of every kind of booze you can name, and have a high median income of $8,743 a year. Every time I see a survey like that I wonder why the internal revenue boys don't subpoena the magazine's circulation lists and swoop down on every one of the subscribers for tax evasion; they each must have about 30 or 40 thousand a year that they're not declaring.

Anyway the advertising revenue keeps on slipping until everyone, from the publisher down to the mail boy, starts getting flop sweat. Flop sweat is a show business term best described as a comic who becomes aware that he is laying an egg; nothing works; the fewer the laughs, the harder he tries; sweat begins to

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stand out on his forehead and he becomes a ghastly sight. He stays on and on because he no longer has strength enough to move; so finally they ring the curtain down on him. It's a terrible thing to see.

Since the advertising side hasn't been able to do anything, they decide that the editorial side must be at fault. So they hire a hot-shot research firm who, after three months and about $100,000, tells them that they ought to change their format. The editor vigorously protests that to change the format will change the character of the magazine, and that's what the readers buy the book for. However, in desperation, he makes a feverish effort to mold a new team, a more acceptable alternative than involuntary resignation. It doesn't work, he is canned anyway. The new editor comes in, bringing his own boys with him from wherever he came from. This means that the rest of the top editorial staff is canned, too. By now flop sweat is so severe that everybody walks around in mental terry cloth robes.

Eventually, after much in the way of breast-beating announcements in the trade and consumer press, the new look is bestowed on a waiting world, loads of new promotional material are bestowed on waiting "reps," and everybody goes about glowing with false confidence.

Sometimes all of this works, but mostly it doesn't. Maybe it's *never* worked, I can't recall. The chief reason it doesn't work is that, just as the old editor said, this isn't the magazine that the subscribers were subscribing to. So, they begin to drop off, cancel their subscriptions, or simply not renew them.

This drives the circulation department into a frenzy of activity. They come up with trick deals on trick numbers of the months and although they replace the circulation, they only accomplish it by spending more and more money per new subscriber. And each new subscription at the special, introductory, money-losing rate, replaces one old time full-rater. So the circulation revenue starts a downward spiral too. Moreover, some of this circulation activity will be reflected in the ABC, and media buyers will spot this for just what it is, and will chop back insertions even more.

By now the whole operation will have the smell of death about it. The publication is sold as a tax loss. The new owners, after a death rattle of activity, close the magazine down and buy more rock and roll stations.

And so a magazine died. And hundreds of people were forced to look for new jobs in a dwindling industry. More than that, the most important group of all, the readers, millions of them, were robbed of a great magazine. Not that it was great when it folded, because in its flop sweat it had changed from a fine lady to a painted whore. So when she died, nobody really gave a damn, which is a pity —especially since it needn't have happened at all.

Whose fault was it? It wasn't anyone's fault; no one did it on purpose. It's just that the system made it inevitable. The only ones who could have remedied it, the advertisers, strictly speaking had no economic or moral responsibility to do so. The hard fact of the matter is that no publication should be in the position of having to depend all that much on advertising. It is all wrong that agencies should be able to kill off a magazine by simply not placing advertising.

As an advertising man, I find this regrettable since we don't have enough first rate media as it is. As a citizen, as a human being, I find it deplorable, shameful, fantastic, that the readers of a magazine should count for so little in comparison. There is no valid, decent reason why a publication should go down for the lack of support from any group on God's green earth, except its readers. It is all the more shocking when one realizes that the life or death of, say, The Saturday Evening Post, rests not in the hands of its over six million subscribers, but with surely no more than ten top advertising agencies.

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Make bio. more lively/wk.

Do you know what I'd do if I had a magazine that was in trouble? I think I'd change it back more or less to what it was before it got flop sweat. At least I'd try to give it the same feel. And then I'd let the readers in on the act. I'd write them all letters and explain to them what I was doing and why I was doing it. I think I'd level with them about some of the economic facts involved; of how effective control had slipped from their hands into the hands of advertisers. And that to readjust this imbalance we were going to cancel all trick subscription deals and raise the price from, say, 25 cents, to 40 cents or 50 cents, whatever it took to do it. And I'd tell them that the net result might be that the circulation would go down to perhaps three million, but they'd be three million subscribers who really *wanted* the magazine; it would be *their* magazine, not something put out to cadge advertising revenue. If advertisers liked it, fine, but that was incidental to the purpose of putting out a magazine in the first place.

I have a notion that *that* would work. It's courageous, it's economically sound, and it would certainly build up morale around the old place. Also, it's properly considerate of the reader; I think he'd rally round.

In 1964 The New York Times discontinued its experimental West Coast Edition. I was so interested—perhaps incensed is a better word—that I wrote a quarter page ad to appear in the last issue of the paper. As it turned out, they wouldn't accept it in the Western Edition. Perhaps they didn't want anything to rock the coffin. However, they graciously assented to let me buy a quarter page in the New York Edition of The Times.

Sixteen-hundred dollars later the ad, with the headline "What Good Is Freedom Of The Press If There Isn't One?" appeared.

The text suggested that perhaps, before folding the edition for financial reasons, they should have taken the readers into their confidence since the paper was presumably being put out for them. As I recall, the subscription price was $3.00 a month. I thought they could have pointed out the financial realities of publishing and asked us whether we wanted the paper enough to pay more, and if so, how much more. In other words, what was the paper worth to us?

Well, the ad ran and that was the end of that. Except that I was in New York the next week and Nicholas Samstag, with his beautifully original mind, carried the idea to its logical conclusion, one that had never even occurred to me.

He said, "What this means, and what you are really asking, is 'How much would you pay for the next issue of this publication rather than be deprived of it?'

"Look," he continued, "you could ask this question about any publication, regardless of what the price per copy is, and get an accurate idea of what it is really worth to its readers individually and, by taking an average, collectively."

Suppose you were to ask the subscribers of Newsweek, U. S. News and World Report, and Time how much money they would pay rather than be deprived of their next copy, and then put the three figures side by side. I imagine you would get a pretty good idea of subjective worth. That is a comparison I would like to see very much indeed. I can't think of anything more significant than how much a reader wants his magazine—especially if my ad is part of it.

Approached in this fashion, every publication has some value, even if it is zero. I can think of a couple—alumni bulletins, for instance—that may even have a negative value. That is to say I would pay a reasonable fee if I could be absolutely *certain* of being deprived of the next issue.

HOWARD GOSSAGE, *of the advertising firm of* Freeman, Gossage & Shea Inc., *San Francisco, will soon begin a regular* RAMPARTS' *column on the communications media.*

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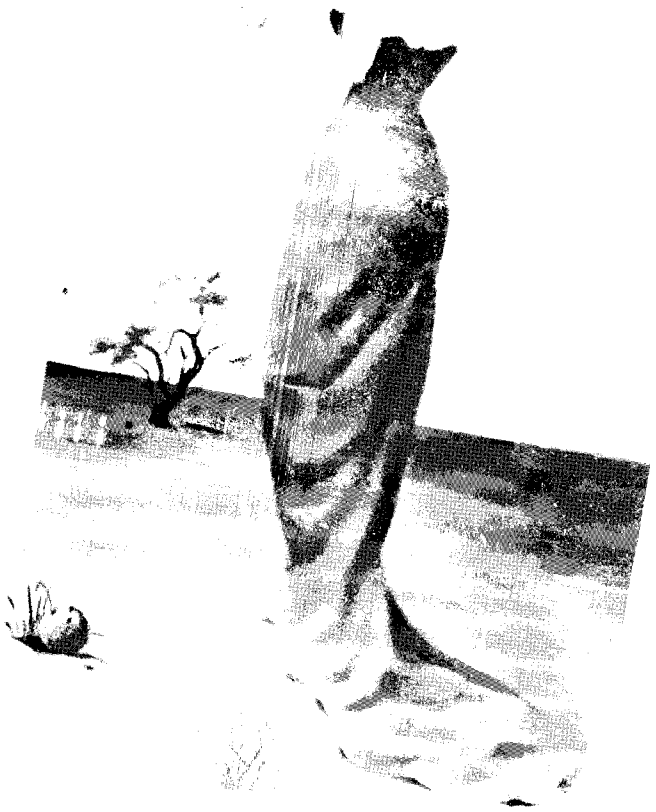

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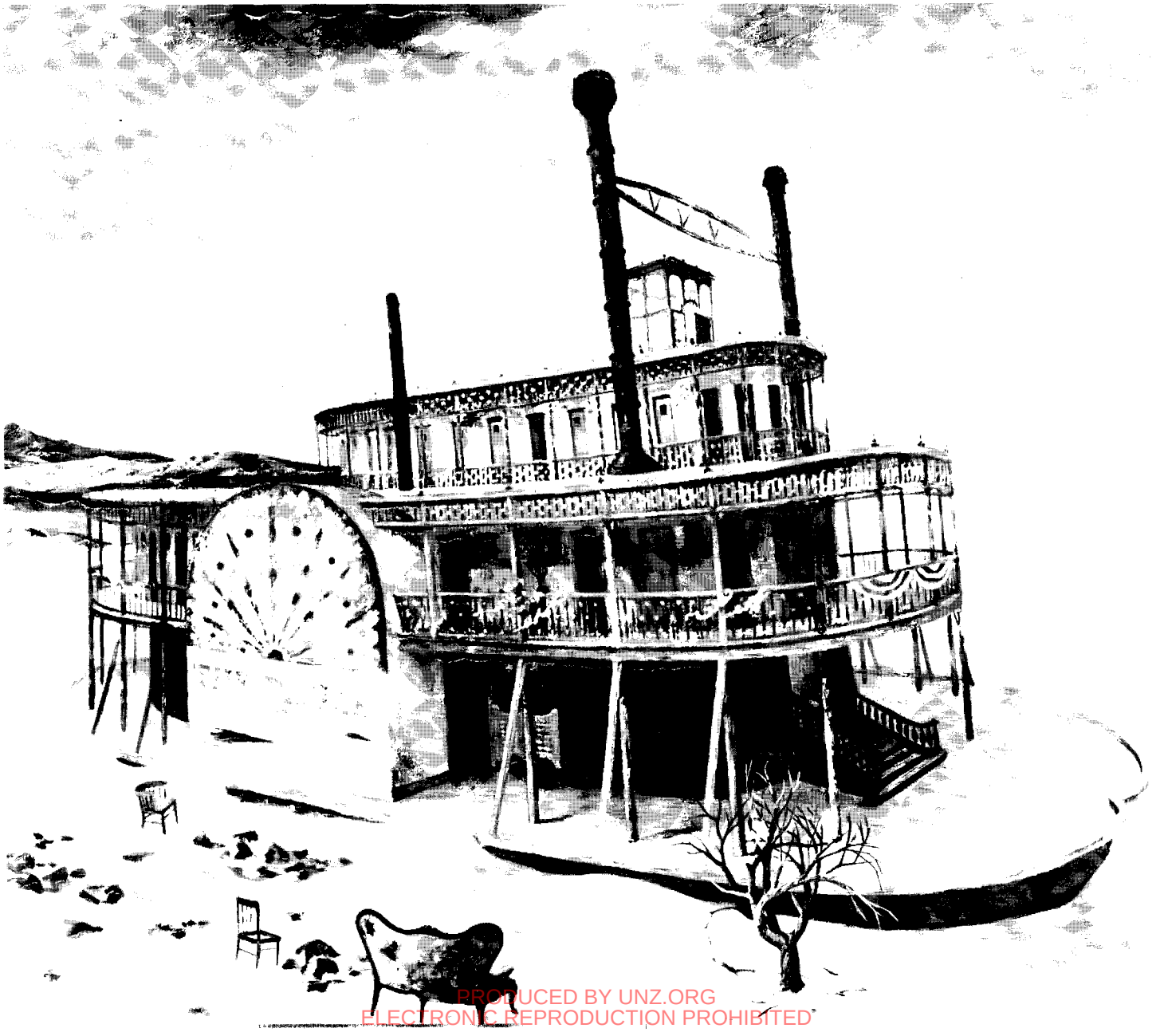

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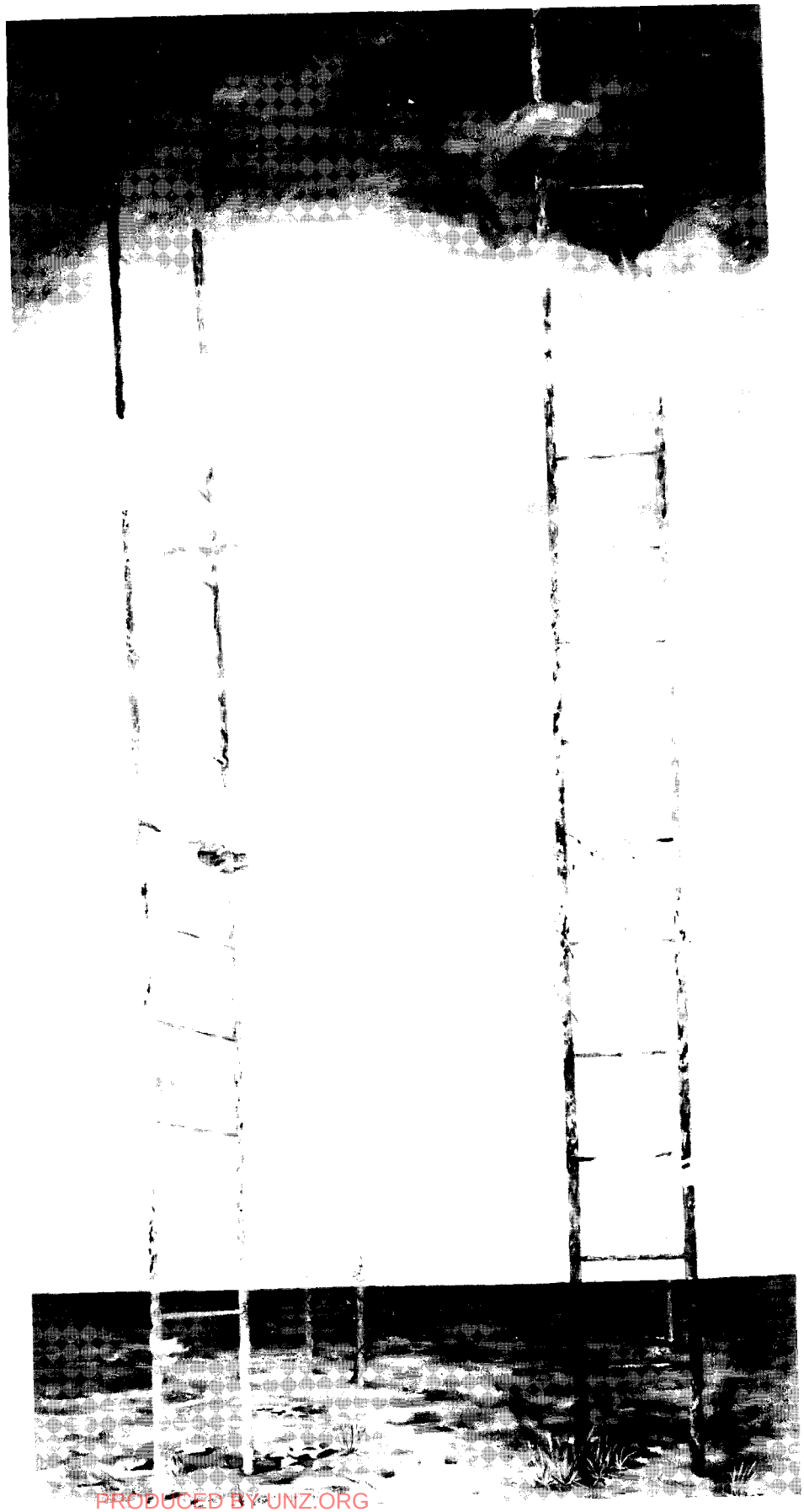

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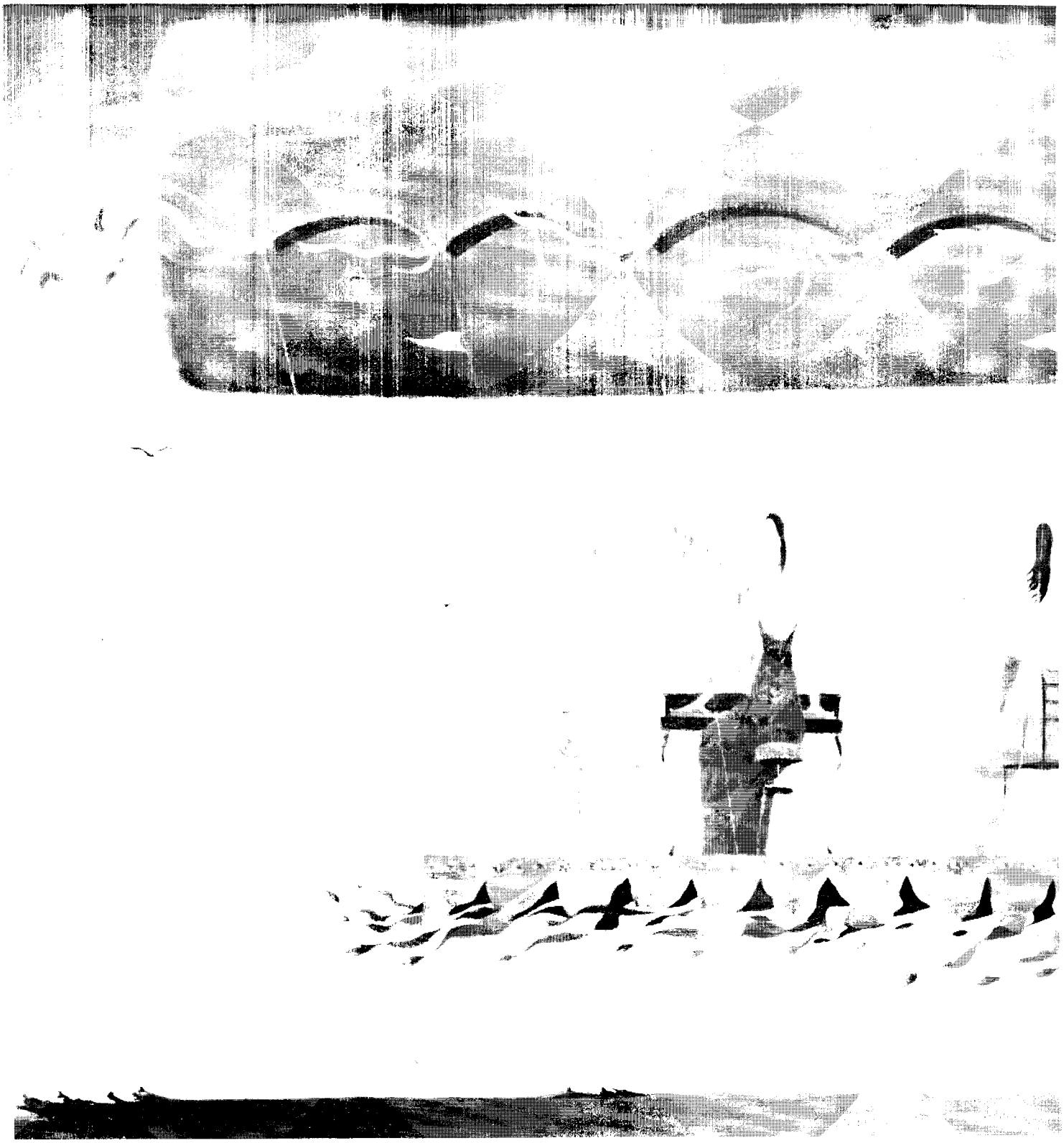

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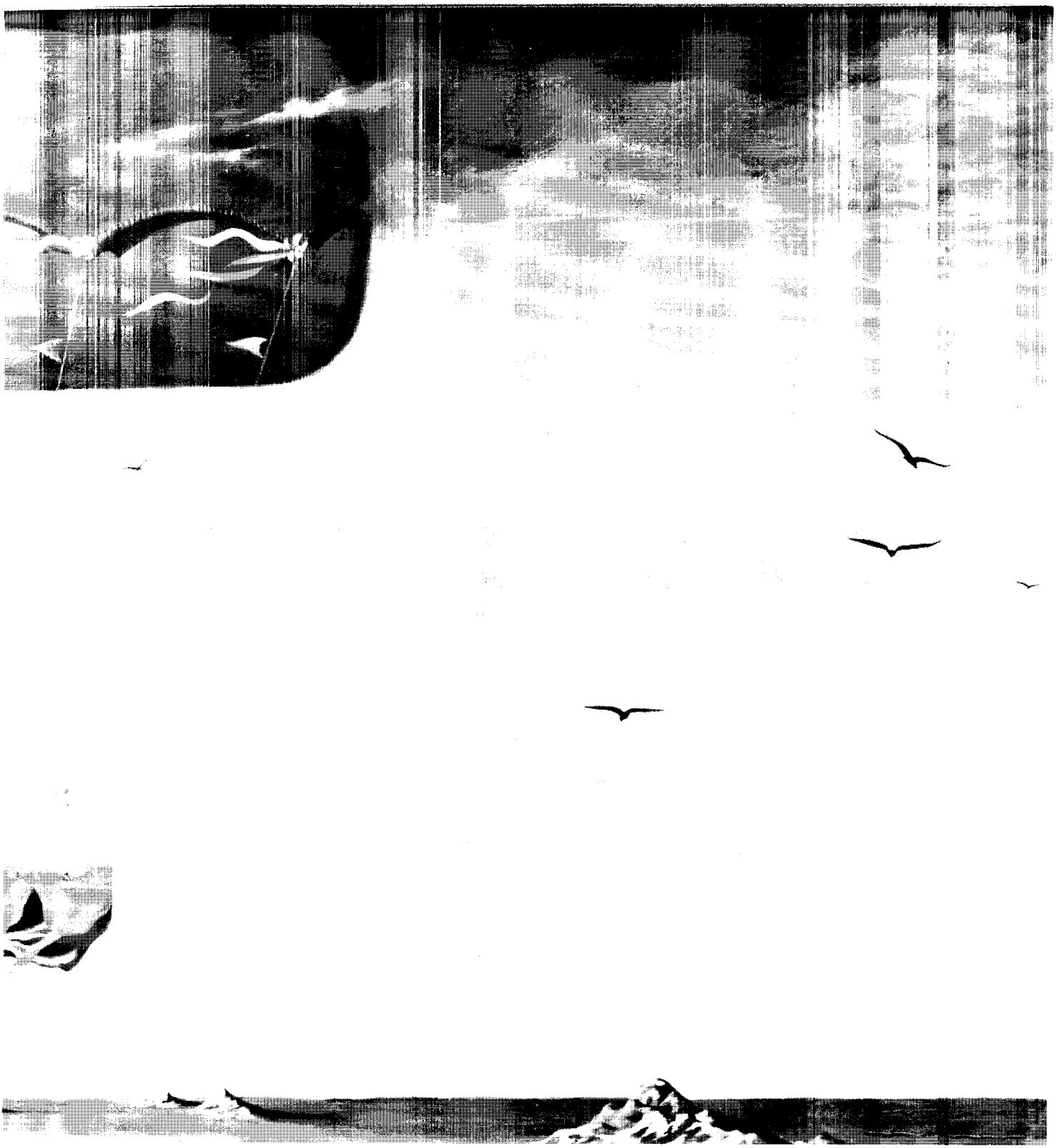

THE CONCER

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—*Charlotte K. Davis*

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C. Wright Mills
The Last Six Months

by Paul Sandau

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He died on March 20, 1962 at age 46. He was an intellectual craftsman who appreciated skill and excellence in all human activities. He had built his own home in West Nyack, N.Y. The machines and appliances that he used had to survive the careful scrutiny of a craftsman's eye. His motorcycle was a BMW 500, specially designed; in autos he drove Porsches and VWs; his watch was a pilot's Rolex — which his wife gave to me after his death.

— Saul Landau

C. Wright Mills lived a full life — much fuller than most people — and died a revolutionary, much criticized, much misunderstood, and much mourned by the few persons who really loved him.

True, he did not do all that he wished in his lifetime, and he certainly did not write all the books that he had in him. The world is poorer for this. He was married three times and each wife bore him a child. He did not have many close friends, but he traveled a great deal, met many great people, and enjoyed most of the earthly pleasures.

Nearly everyone I know has read, or knows about, some of the works of C. Wright Mills, and practically everyone has his own criticism. Liberals don't like the slightest innuendo about the United States being ruled by an undemocratic elite. Conservatives dismiss him as another pinko or Communist. Marxists (American variety) pay proper homage, but of course he doesn't really make it because he doesn't follow the sloganized line. Most "democratic Socialists," who once liked him, place him in the Soviet camp. And finally, the Soviet versions of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., suspect that Mills was a Trotskyist at heart, although they publicly acclaimed him as an enlightened bourgeois.

The heroes of his last book, *The Marxists*, are Lenin and Trotsky. How did he become a radical? This still bothers me. He was from Laredo County, Texas, which amused him.

His great passion was writing books that shook people up; next came food, liquor, motorcycles, carpentry, rifle shooting, dogs, camping equipment, sports cars, tumbling and wrestling — in no particular order. He was a man with many faults, hard to get along with, egotistical, short-tempered, good humored and bad humored, loving and hating, brilliant most of the time, sometimes petty.

When I was a sophomore in college I read *White Collar*. I had just become a Marxist, ready for debate, knowing all the answers to any question, and anxious to dispute any question because it was always a bourgeois professor who asked it. Mills hardly mentioned Marx in his book, but it was as devastating a commentary on United States society as any made by a Marxist. From that time on, I followed his works.

July 1960

Five years later, I met C. Wright Mills in a Havana hotel. A few months later, as his research assistant, I was traveling around the world with him and his family. I think it was his size that first had me so scared. He was at least six feet tall and was overweight at about 225. He moved quickly and decisively and smoked a pipe better than any commercial I had ever seen. He wasted no time. After the briefest of amenities he began to pump me. About four hours later he had all I knew about Cuba, and some things I didn't think I knew. He had taken notes while we talked. Suddenly, he jumped up, put his notebook in his expensive safari jacket, slung two Nikons around his neck and told me that he had to go to interview "Ché" Guevara. "See you at eight in the bar for a drink. Don't be late."

When I arrived that night, Mills was sitting at a table with a group of American friends. They were sipping daiquiris and planters' punch; he was drinking them in two swallows. The conversation was superficial, but occasionally someone made an interesting remark about Cuba. Mills would quietly slip his pad out of his pocket and write it down. No one seemed to notice, it didn't isolate him from the group or conversation. "Listen, Saul, this guy who heads the education department is taking me to dinner tonight. You think I look all right?" His bush jacket was sweat stained under the arms. He reminded me of Hemingway.

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"No, clothes aren't important around here."

Mills had always been a hard worker, at times compulsive. *Listen Yankee* was his tenth book. He wrote it in six weeks. A first draft was prepared before he went to Cuba, based on reading all the available material. He read it to me in Havana. After he spent a torrid two weeks interviewing Fidel (for four days), "Ché" Guevara, Dorticos, Raúl Roa and many lesser personalities, he rewrote it completely. He hounded Ian Ballantine, of Ballantine Books, into breaking all rules for publishing books. He stayed up 16 hours a day finishing it. Then, when it was finished, he condensed it into an article for *Harpers*. He was exhausted when I spoke to him in his Columbia University office in the fall.

"My God, man, do you realize what has happened. We're going to break into the mass market. They're going to *listen*. We've hit on the new technique. NBC wants me to debate A. A. Berle on nationwide TV. Collect everything you can find on Cuba and Latin America."

I told him I would, but that he should rest a little first. But the chance to be on national TV, before some 20 million people and make Berle (a spokesman for the New Frontier) look like a fool, intrigued him. He respected Berle's intellect. He felt that he was taking on an expert in Latin American affairs. But even in October, he already had a mine of information, results of years of clipping and the widest variety of reading. He had about 400 pages of detailed notes.

C. Wright Mills—April, 1964

I came to his office every week and we talked. The Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) had asked him to address their top intellectuals. He worked furiously preparing his speech. He wrote it, rewrote it, cut it, re-cut it, edited it, and then rewrote it again. It had information, biting sarcasm, and most important, real alternatives to the policies of both the liberals and the Eisenhower administration. His eyes were ablaze and he guzzled pint after pint of black espresso coffee.

"My God, do you realize we've got them on the run?" And he laughed confidently, arrogantly, displaying all his vigor and force.

His speech to ADA was beautiful. They were furious and practically accused him of being a Communist. He was answering questions for hours on the platform. He was baited, he was cursed. He stood there with the most compelling arguments, with proof, facts, statistics, documentation of all kinds. He did not convince one of them.

"Goddamn liberals. They are political idiots."

In his fury he found a good word for liberals. He was almost spluttering. "Liberal obfuscators. Obfuscators." He laughed. "I'm going to rack them. Listen, that first chapter of *The Marxists* is going to rack them up. Obfuscating bastards."

I sent him clippings and notes and spoke to him on the phone. He was still working from early in the morning till late at night. He was annoyed that he had to teach. It took time.

The TV debate was scheduled for early in December. Mills felt that it would be a first and perhaps last chance – not for him so much – for a rational alternative to be presented to large numbers of people. TV would show what Berle's position was: suicide; it would present to all the New Frontiersmen a reasonable and logical approach to Cuba and Latin America, a way out of a terrible situation; finally, Mills had a pointed critique of past United States policy *vis-à-vis* Latin America. Mills felt that it was up to him to do it. He was never a Communist, never belonged to any organization or group. Further, he was 100 per cent American by birth and had a trace of a Southern accent. He was the only radical with a national reputation and a clean record (no Red connections). He was burdened by this responsibility; he worked harder as the debate neared. By early December his preparation was complete. He had enough material to write a definitive work on modern Latin America.

The afternoon of the big day someone told me that Mills had had a heart attack the night before. I didn't believe it, pushed it out of my mind. We turned the TV on. The announcer said that Mills could not make it because he was ill. Berle waltzed through the debate with Congressman Porter. It was a farce. Mills was in some hospital, practically dead.

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The vigorous man I met in Havana lay in bed, trying to recover from a near fatal heart attack. Mills got a sort of childlike kick out of taking medicines at first. When I first visited him after the attack—just after I returned from Cuba in January, 1961—he joked about his ailment, or half-joked. He lounged in bed, forcing a laugh with each sentence. His laugh became more depressing months later when the novelty had worn off, and the full meaning of impending death became clear, and all the things that he had to do would not be done —by him, anyway.

He violated the doctor's orders from the outset. He began work on *The Marxists*. He clipped the New York Times religiously. The invasion of Cuba was being planned. Many of Mills' ex-friends and associates had attacked him for *The Causes of World War III*. *Listen Yankee* clinched it: Mills had drifted onto the side of the Soviet bloc. The illness made Mills ultrasensitive to everything—The Times, Kennedy, the drift toward war and the invasion of Cuba, and the blasts of his "friends." His doctor ordered him to leave the country.

He asked me to accompany him through Europe.

April 1961

MILLS BOUGHT A VOLKSWAGEN camping bus in England. He, his wife Yavaslava, his two small children, and I set out for a leisurely tour of Europe, ending up in Moscow where Mills had been invited. His friend and guide, Igor Alexandrov, told him that Soviet doctors had successfully treated certain heart conditions, and Mills was anxious both to try it out, and to see the USSR again.

Mills was terribly grouchy and uneasy as we drove toward Switzerland. He felt, I think, an overall frustration. He spoke often of dying. He felt that his strength had been sapped by his heart attack, that he had lost his virility, that he was growing old.

We were in La Violette, a 13-room, 150-year-old chalet in the Alps for about a month. In that time Mills reworked *The Marxists* three times. He worked hard for about four to six hours each day. He stopped at about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. Then he lay down in the safari bed with a cheap detective novel. He awoke about five o'clock after a two hour nap, and ate a gigantic meal. Then he drank a little, took two sleeping pills, and went to bed. I was sure he would die, and yet I felt he could not die. He was too strong. He had so many insights and profound ideas, he sized up situations and could cut through the surface. He was a big man intellectually and physically, and yet—always and yet.

After *The Marxists* was finished and sent off to the publisher, La Violette became really deadly. We all felt that we had accomplished a great deal. Mills had finished his update of *Listen Yankee*, made the final selections for *The Marxists*, and finished his 50,000 word commentary. I felt that I was a good assistant. More books on many subjects lay ahead. And *The New Left* was always with us.

I was carried along by Mills' moods, and never realized it until someone else had pointed it out. His rage after the Cuban invasion and Kennedy's bellicose speech lasted for a good three months. I was also outraged, but his capability to be outraged far exceeded mine. It was a question of right or wrong, and he knew Kennedy was wrong.

"We're going to show them with this update of *Listen Yankee*." He was self-conscious about showing his morality. He disguised it with a bombastic remark.

"Sit down, Saul, I want you to type this part on Kennedy." He sat at the table with his architect's pencil and his pad.

"Ha." It was the laugh that he reserved for intellectual practical jokes. He was getting ready to take on Kennedy and his mind was his weapon.

"In his campaign President Kennedy convinced many that there would really be a New Frontier. (Capitalize that.) The New Frontiersmen who took up the cry were many of the best known liberal academicians. In Kennedy's cabinet and in advisory positions, they have shown themselves to be nothing more or less than moral *schlemiels*. (You know how to spell that? O.K.) With his decision to send the group of United States financed, trained, equipped and blessed thugs to their just rewards in the well-named Bay of Pigs, Mr. Kennedy has clearly demonstrated before the world that he has neither the brilliance of mind nor the quality of heart to qualify him for greatness, no less for destiny. And the men around him, the Schlesingers and Berles, have proven themselves to be no more than mouthpieces for immorality, spokesmen for thugs and hoodlums."

Mills loved the outrageous, to think outrageously and when possible, to act outrageously. He hated prescribed morality; he could and would stand alone in the face of an angry public.

To summarize Marx in 18 points is outrageous. This Mills did. Then he decided: "Marx was basically wrong. Look, it is obvious that the proletariat doesn't make history, no matter how much you want to stretch historical facts. At certain points in history it has been more active than at others, but clearly an elite has made and still makes world history. How anyone can deny this in the face of the modern power state is almost unbelievable . . . Now in all the overdeveloped societies, with the intricate control of the mass media, it's up to the intellectuals who have a conscience to do what must be done.

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"The United States is doomed unless the change comes from the top, and the men at the top do not have the quality—perhaps no man would—to alter the economic system with all its hideous assumptions and manifestations.

"Do you ever think, say, what the United States will look like in ten years?

"Good God, man, if we are still alive I do not plan to live there. Ha, ha. Really, how could any man of sensibility bear it?" He had joked before about not returning. His laugh sounded almost hysterical. I felt that he saw himself as a prophet who knew the words would fall on deaf ears. But he had to do what he had to do.

Anyway, his beard looked good. He resembled Hemingway, and although at first it was unintentional, he began to identify more and more with him. Hemingway had committed suicide a few days before, and it shook Mills up. He talked about it for hours and then every day he would analyze it.

I tried to change the subject and failed.

"Look, he was used up. The man hadn't written anything for ten years. He was used out. What else was there for him to do. He had done it all, and he wrote himself out. That's me." And he laughed.

Three days later he looked so much like the last photo of Hemingway that I panicked. He was wearing his bush jacket, and his jaw was grimly set, making his gray and black beard fit snugly into the contours of his face.

June 1961

We arrived early with K. S. Karol of L'Express at the left-bank, Paris restaurant. Mills was nervous. He was always early for appointments. When Sartre arrived with Mme. de Beauvoir, there was that annoying, uncontrollable twitch in his eye which even the dark glasses did not cover.

Sartre and de Beauvoir not only agreed with Mills about the state of the world, but they felt that even the wonderful uniqueness of Cuba would go the way of the Soviet world.

Sartre began to speak about Cuba. "*Alors*," he said in his deep voice. Karol translated for Mills. "I do not plan to return to Cuba for some time. I am afraid that I might not like what I see. The people who were interested in culture, I think, will be miserable in the future. Unfortunately, they are not revolutionaries—but very nice boys."

Mills was not so sure. "But don't you feel Fidel will keep it straight and honest?"

"*Alors*. Fidel is a good man, a great man, and certainly an honest man, but as the revolution is forced into rigid ideological positions and the economy and defense become more rationalized and bureaucratized, Fidel will lose some of his power to various chiefs on the hierarchy. It is unfortunate, but I think it is coming very soon."

"I tend to agree with you on the direction, but I think there's a chance that it will keep on its unique course if the original men keep leadership."

Sartre felt that it was beyond Fidel's control. The United States would assure that the United States was the enemy. Cuba's direction would be rapidly to the Soviet bloc. As for culture, Sartre did not think that the *Lunes de Revolución* crowd had the stuff to hold out against the sectarians, and this would lead to stultifying of culture. Sartre still felt that Cuba was the bright spot of the world.

Mills agreed, but he felt that the originality of the leaders would be strong enough to keep many of the good things.

In the end, both men cursed the United States, and this brought a discussion of what the future of the United States would be.

Mills told Sartre and de Beauvoir that the Kennedy administration was a liberal obfuscation.

Sartre liked the term, and he laughed.

"The liberals," said Mills, "have nothing to offer. Their ideology is no longer ideology, properly termed, but a confusing and contradictory rhetoric. Their policies, based on the popular myths of freedom and democracy, are unreal and dangerous. And there is no opposition except from the right."

"What is the significance of the Kennedy Administration, that is, how do you explain it in terms of your power elite?"

"It represents, I believe, the triumph of the political elite. During the Eisenhower Administration there was a coalition of the economic and military groups. They made foreign policy and internally catered to the short run needs of businessmen. This is just a schematic formulation, but I think it is useful. With the victory of Kennedy and his liberal intellectuals the military and the economic were subordinated. The intellectual advisors that surrounded Kennedy developed an elaborate rhetoric, and perhaps a vague long-range policy. There will be various tests, I believe, for power. The businessmen do not have much confidence in intellectuals, and may very well fight on certain issues. You might see this reflected before long in the stock market. Those businessmen and generals who cannot take orders from liberal academicians might very well join the crackpot right, which is where they emotionally belong. But basically Kennedy's policy will not differ noticeably from the Eisenhower-Dulles policy. The names will change, the rhetoric will be more elaborate, but there will be no loosening. If anything, defense spending will increase at the same time that the liberal intellectuals will challenge the military. You see, I do not believe that the

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three elites will have a basic falling out. There will be minor contests over minor issues, but on foreign policy the intellectuals are, if anything, more fanatical and doctrinaire anti-Communists than the businessmen and generals. Eventually they will reach an agreement, probably after several tests of political strength. I do not have much hope that Kennedy will – or can – or wants to – alter fundamentally the Cold War policy.

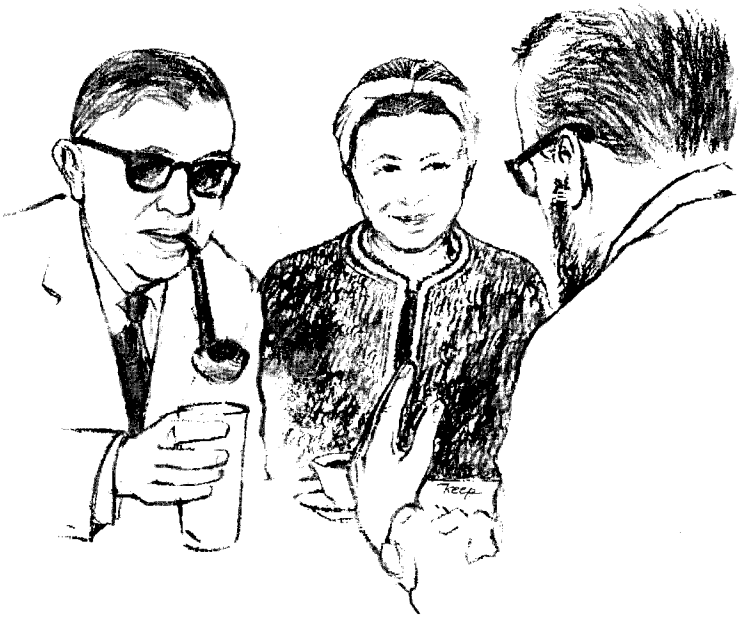
Sartre looked glum.

Karol documented Mills' theory. "Schlesinger," he said, "is equal to any Cold Warrior in his fanaticism and doctrinaire anti-Communism."

Sartre listened with interest and added his agreement.

Mills, erect in his chair, his Texas accent giving great force to his words, declared the United States was the stronghold of reaction, that there was practically no hope.

Mills was under a pressure that perhaps Sartre had already gone through; or perhaps being an American and having a bad heart and more energy than it was healthy to use, Mills felt that he had so many things to do that were urgent. Sartre had done what he could as an intellectual. So had Mills. But with each day Mills felt a heavier burden, the world's anguish on his shoulders.



Mills, Sartre and Mme. de Beauvoir exchange views.

As we drove back from Paris to the chalet in Switzerland, Mills was relaxed. He had had a good time, and he was excited about his next books, *Tovarisch* and *The New Left*. "You know what? I'm going to create four characters: a Russian revolutionary, a real revolutionary, a man who's interested in bringing communism. Then we'll have an official ideologist, you know, the Soviet version of Schlesinger. Ha ha. Then we'll take an American official liberal, Schlesinger himself, and finally a Latin American revolutionary. My God, man, can't you see it? They'll all die when they read it. Just a dialogue on the key issues in the world. Each one will explain his outlook, and then they'll debate it."

"That's a big job."

"Sure, we'll do it together. I'll show you how to conduct an interview, and how to put together the results. I already have about 70 interviews with Soviet intellectuals, and we already know what Fidel thinks, and Schlesinger – ha ha – we'll tell him exactly what he is thinking."

"Who will be the New Left spokesman?"

"That's a separate thing."

"What's missing in *The New Left* book?"

He sat back with a grin on his face. I knew what was coming.

"The New Left, that's what's missing. We begin the book with an attack on liberalism, after we accurately state their position. That stuff is already done in other books, but we'll do it again. This time we use the word obfuscators, liberal obfuscators. Then we talk about the old left, the futilitarians, and the orthodox left in the Soviet bloc. Then we take the discussion of Marxism into the practical field: What does it mean for each group – old left, liberals, and new left?"

"You know," I said, "that you still leave yourself open with the claim that the radical intelligentsia has been the revolutionary agency in the modern world."

"My God, that's obvious."

"In other words, you feel that Marx's concept of revolution was all wet?"

"Come now, don't be an obfuscator. The professional Marxists have gone to great lengths to prove that Marx was never wrong; his obvious errors are really misinterpretations by people who have purposely misread him. My God, man, Marx believed that the working classes in Western Europe would develop into a class-conscious revolutionary force that would overthrow the Capitalists. For Marx, the proletariat was the history-making agency. Now any fool can see that it's not true . . . And you know what Marx thought of the Russian peasant, despite official attempts to make it mean something else."

Mills lit a cigar and took a drink of cognac.

"Look, in order to develop a New Left, we have to kick this labor metaphysic. No working class in the United States or Western Europe is going to revolt in the foreseeable future. Surely Lenin and Trotsky didn't sit around and wait for that to happen – and damnit, it's perfectly obvious that they were the only Marx-

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ist revolutionaries who combined their theory and practice."

Mills discussed Marxist dialectics. He did not plan to include it in *The Marxists*. I argued with him that it was impossible to write a book about Marx, no less *The Marxists*, without discussing dialectics. He disagreed: "I have three degrees from universities, two in philosophy and one in sociology. I have read the most difficult stuff in English and German. If you cannot – or anyone cannot – explain it to me so that I can understand it, then I refuse to buy it."

Nevertheless, he read and reread the criticisms of the Marxist scholars, and he reread articles on dialectics. Finally he decided he was right. Dialectics was added to *The Marxists* as a footnote.

August 1961

The Soviet Union was a tremendous let-down. For one thing, we had driven from Warsaw to the border at Brest, without seeing anything attractive. Mills was droll and irritable. I drove. Mills cursed Polish peasants and Polish roads. He had chest pains every few hours. As we approached the USSR he began to meet the reality: his chances of finding a doctor who would prescribe a cure to his satisfaction was impossible.

Mills lectured me on the USSR. I insisted that whatever the faults and flaws, there must be a superior type of human being produced by a Socialist country. Mills told me no, and he told me no many times.

"They're going to make it. But it's a different world. Buddy, you wouldn't like to live here. They're hicks. Real hicks. They go nuts when they see a big modern machine."

We were still in Moscow when the Russians announced that Titov was orbiting around the earth. Throngs of people were cheering in Red Square as every few minutes a voice announced another orbit or a communication from Titov to Khrushchev. Igor (our translator and guide) arrived at the hotel in a state of euphoria. Mills and I had heard the news from everyone we met who spoke English; so when Igor burst in with: "Did you hear the news?" Mills yawned and said, "No."

"We have another cosmonaut, and he has already circled the earth eight times, imagine eight times."

Mills remained unmoved. "I hope he's taking a different route. The scenery must be boring him."

"You are always joking." Igor refused to be thwarted. "Do you realize what this means for science? Soon we will be on the moon."

"What will you do there?"

"That is not important. It will liberate all mankind."

"I thought that was the job of the Communist revolution?"

"No, Professor Mills, you do not understand."

"Now Igor, what kind of Communist are you?"

"A good one I hope, but you do not see what this means for progress."

"It's a lot of baloney."

"What means baloney?"

"Junk, stupidity, waste of time, money, effort and intelligence. Why don't you solve your agricultural problems instead of fooling around with all this space nonsense?"

Igor tried in vain. Mills became crueler. He thoroughly disbelieved in "this space foolishness" or this "atmospheric bunkum," as he called it.

"When you produce a Gagarin of culture, then you will have made it."

When Igor left, his euphoria transformed into acute depression, Mills became morose. His jocular attitude was gone, replaced by concern over his illness and the failure of the Soviets to face some of the real problems on earth.

Igor took us to the permanent exhibition the next day. Mills already knew what the Russian doctors were going to tell him. Igor passed off Mills' sarcasm of the day before as typical American sour grapes, and was ready to begin anew to convince us that socialism was superior – which Mills accepted anyway but would not admit to Igor, a Communist.

Mills liked Igor a great deal. Igor was dedicated, intelligent, sensitive, and quite flexible. Igor had great respect for Mills, always calling him "Professor Mills." Maybe it was Igor's stability that bothered Mills. He was happily married, sure in his world and his convictions. The USSR was a good Socialist State. It could and surely would be better every year; but it was the best in the world right now.

This was Mills' second visit to the Soviet Union. He was as ambivalent now as he had been the first time. On the one hand he would say: "They're hicks." And then: "My God, these people are going to make it."

I would ask him what he meant.

"I mean they're going to make a Communist society just as they say. But it will be very far from what you or I would picture as an ideal. But you must consider that there are today in this country many intellectuals, and just average people, factory workers and students, who are actively thinking about making communism. That is truly amazing."

"But what," I persisted, "do you mean by hicks, and what is 'making it'?"

"They are provincial. They do not know the rest of the world. There are leading Soviet intellectuals who have no conception of life in the United States, who really believe in the vulgar Marxist ideology. They have not read Freud, and they have not read Trotsky. Do you realize they do not have an accurate knowledge

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of their own revolution?"

He stopped. We were walking into Red Square. An enormous crowd of people, mostly women in ugly print dresses and colored kerchiefs, waited to see Lenin in his tomb.

Mills did not have to say anything. The crowd was truly another world. Igor, educated, well-dressed and sophisticated, had only one thing in common with these people: they were all born in the USSR.

Mills continued: He had great respect for the Soviet Union because of what it had done and because of what it was about to do. It had nothing to do with Titov or Gagarin, but rather with the complete transformation of society. While Mills had serious reservations, he could not help but admire it.

On the street we saw volunteer militia men directing traffic. "Look at that," Mills said, laughing. "They are serious about abolishing the State. That is difficult for us to understand, that there are people here who are seriously thinking about communism. It isn't what you or I think about when we think of communism, but there is no doubt that this is a serious goal."

The Party had recently described its goals, one of which was to provide free bread and transportation. Moscow buses had a three kopek fare (three cents) and used the equivalent of the honor system since there was no conductor to take fares. "You see," Mills said as we rode the bus, "if someone does not pay his fare they will post his photo on all the buses in Moscow with a sign saying Ivan Ivanovich has committed a crime against the people of Moscow. They won't put him in jail however."

"But," I said, "that would be much worse than prison."

"To you," he laughed, "but Tovarisch doesn't think so. He agrees with punishment by the community. More and more petty crimes and misdemeanors are being treated by these comradely courts, which are being effective and are, in all truth, the first step toward withering away the State."

"They intend to build a classless society and many people are devoting themselves to precisely that task, as they call it. On the other hand they want to surpass us. They have gotten what Marx called 'the commodity fetish – or reification.' You see how illogical, and yet how natural. We will bury you. We will surpass you. You are decaying and dying. We will do it better. And yet Comsomols go to Siberia on their vacations to plant trees in virgin land. They are eliminating the police. This is serious business. They are really withering the State away."

"How do you feel about it?"

"As with everything here I feel ambivalent. They have done away with some of the state machinery and replaced it by perhaps even more rigid societal controls, an old technique. You have read Tonnies. You know what the essential difference between *gemeinschaft* and *gesellschaft* is. Well, that is essentially it. They have started to organize an industrially advanced, technologically based society, and returned to a primitive kind of law and control.

"It's truly a different world, and this makes any moral judgment very difficult."

We saw no prostitutes in the Soviet Union and in all our discussions with our Russian friends there was no mention of sex. A lady Soviet literary critic, in her mid-fifties, specializing in English and American literature, criticized D. H. Lawrence for his preoccupation with sex. "Otherwise I think he's a great writer. But most of modern American writing today is concerned with sex. That is not something that should be written about in literature or discussed publicly."

I told Mills about this and after thinking for a few minutes while he carried on some banter, he concluded that this was logical. "When there is so much public life there must be a part that is kept private, and besides it is in the great Russian Puritan tradition. Try to think of a sexy novel written before the revolution."

When Mills was with the Soviet officials he made them work. He never granted anything, and had they not known of his books they might have thought him to be a reactionary. But he wanted to draw them out, and he did, often embarrassing them. On his last night he was an honored guest at a party which many Soviet officials attended. He drank too much vodka.

Mills was toasted by Soviet officials and he returned their long-winded toasts with short and often barbed remarks. Finally, after he had downed at least eight vodkas, he turned to Igor:

"Here," he chuckled drunkenly, "is to the day when the complete works of Trotsky are published and widely distributed in the Soviet Union."

Igor was visibly upset, hoping that no one else had heard. He tried to interrupt Mills on a medical pretext. Mills was not going to be interrupted.

"On that day the USSR will have achieved democracy."

Mills left the USSR soon after. Soviet doctors could not cure him, and Soviet society both inspired and depressed him. It was going somewhere, and much of the world would imitate it, but there were many things about it that disgusted Mills. He was, after all, a cosmopolitan Texan.

September 1961

When I left Mills in London he claimed that he did not plan to return to the United States for many years. As a joke – sort of – he would say: "It's a great place to visit. Maybe I'll go there for a six week vacation." He had found a little house in the north end

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of London and planned to have an idyllic family-work syndrome. He tried to get excited about the idea of going British. He told Yara that she would have to kick the overdeveloped American fetishes like washing machines. "The British, after all, don't have them. Besides, this is a more civilized country. A man can feel free in this country. People respect other people here."

"Why do you think so?"

"I figure because it's been so damned crowded and congested that it was the only way to get along."

"You really plan to stay."

"Why not? I'll get a few good students around me, work up a seminar. The new university in Brighton will give me a secretary. I'll get a red nose, begin to smoke the pipe again. Good God, man, this is the life!" He was obviously homesick.

I would buy The New York Times, as I had done when we first came to London and we would sit down and discuss it, and clip and laugh, and then he would get a pain in his chest when he read that Kennedy was planning new evil against Cuba, or that Marines were being sent to Southeast Asia. I got scared. He took a noroglycerine, and we put away the paper until the next morning. But then, especially when we arrived in Eastern Europe, it became extremely difficult to buy The Times. So as Mills put it, we "kicked it." But now, back in England, we were hooked once more and I made my morning sortie to north London and we went through a paper again. He did not take the same concern now. Too many big things were bothering him. He refused to get chest pains over Cuba or South Vietnam. It was all one world now, all headed toward something new. He had a job to do, to offer the world the best of his brain.

Mills felt at least four more books in him: The Contrast of the USSR and the United States *(Tovarisch or Contacting the Enemy)*; then there was the long awaited book on The New Left, the final blast against the liberals, an attack on old time Marxists and Socialist futilitarians, and a bold new springboard for revolutionary intellectuals and students with imagination. His grand work was to be a world-wide sociological study of each nation of consequence in all the blocs of nations. And finally he had a book on Latin America.

But in London, he looked defeated. He promised to start work, but he lounged, read detective stories that didn't hold his attention, and drank. He didn't want to stay in London. But where else could he go. He didn't want to call the United States home. He loved his house in West Nyack with its conveniences (after all he had built it himself). But he was ashamed to be an American, ashamed to have John F. Kennedy as his President. He was embarrassed and ashamed. He felt that as a sociologist, he was responsible to the world. When politicians are taken in by their own ridiculous rhetoric, when the crackpot realists go unopposed down their destructive roads, when all that looms ahead is more gadgets, more suburbs, more rhetoric, space nonsense, and academic *schlemiels* making good in the Democratic Party – when there is that to look forward to, you can't go home again, or maybe you don't want to call home "home." But for a truly 100 per cent American there is no other possibility. Mills knew he would return.

Mills was my intellectual idol. Now that I knew him as a man, I could see his weaknesses, and my feelings toward him changed. The dynamo I first met in Havana had all the fears and shortcomings of millions of men. He tried to hide them as most of us do, but he was unsuccessful. To anyone who knew him well, he was often a source of irritation. But it was more than his intellectual brilliance and energy that made his few friends devoted. He was a very sick man, one who was statistically due for death. He knew it, and in the last two years of his life he felt obliged to take on problems no man could hope to solve. He wanted to give the thinking world a real alternative to the disaster he foresaw. It was no longer sufficient for him to analyze, to criticize. He viewed the hungry nations, as he called them, in an abstract way. He had never experienced hunger. But the remarkable thing was his ability to feel impassioned, with hate and bitterness, over their plight. This drove him to work. There was an egotistical part of it also. He felt great when he wrote a book and took a craftsman's delight in the finished product. But he did want to change the world, and he knew that his unusual ability and energy had to be used in that way. But he also knew the hopelessness of any man or group of men, intellectuals, attempting to combat the power of nuclear establishments.

Everyone who knew Mills realized that he would return to the United States. He tried to convince everyone that he believed his own highly-romanticized picture of England, that in a snug little cottage at Brighton he would write books by the warm fire, and would lecture to a group of New Left graduate students who would begin a movement that would turn into a New Left. Cuba, England, Germany – they were great for a visit. His personality, his whole being, had an American stamp. He had to return. He hated the United States, its politics, its culture, its "high immorality." But he did not fit anywhere else, and he did not want to be anywhere else but in his own house. It would be painful to be in the United States and read The New York Times, and face law suits, and petty professors writing personal attacks – to be in the same country that was preparing another invasion of Cuba, that would be testing bombs, and making counter revolutions in little countries. Just reading the newspapers and not being able to do anything – it gave him chest pain.

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He often was surprised when people knew who he was, or when he was asked to use his name for this or that cause. He saw himself as a strong man, an individual, who would not abide the political immorality over which he, as an individual, as an intellectual, had no control, no matter how many best-sellers he wrote. He always quoted his grandfather, "Every man should have one gun, one vote – and one woman at a time."

January–March 1962

WHEN HE RETURNED to the United States less than a year later, he was resigned. He would face his own country after a short vacation, and he would do what he could. He stopped drinking and went on a diet. He tried to write on the New Left, but his heart gave out shortly after his return. For the young radicals it was the death of a prophet. I tried to separate my personal grief. Yes, we felt even more alone now that he was dead.

I wish I were speaking for my generation, but I only speak for a few young radicals and intellectuals. Mills did not have to continuously harp on "the great American democratic heritage." He was an American and there was no question of identification. When he briefly tried self-exile he was more miserable than ever. When he died we felt that the last moralist had died. He was searching for answers, and in some almost mystical way, the generation I spoke of expected him to provide a new way, a moral solution, or at least a clue.

He was not a prophet. I knew him as a human being. He was a diligent scholar, brilliant and imaginative. He was humble about the things he should have been proud of, and boastful about characteristics that were common to many men. When he wrote a book he constantly questioned his own judgment; when he rode a motorcycle or built his own house he felt superior to everyone.

Hemingway committed suicide in his futile attempt to find a hero that satisfied him; Mills became more desperate as his search for answers was thwarted, not by any inherent lack of ability or imagination, but by the world he lived in. The moralist-sociologist, in search of a New Left – an alternative to madness – he no longer felt the satisfaction he once did when he completed a book. He had taken the world on his back, but he had a bad heart. He felt it was his duty to be the conscience of the world, but each day, with new rejections from old friends, new sellouts to liberal obfuscations, and more distressing news in The New York Times, made the very idea of a man being a conscience for such a world seem ridiculous to him. And yet, he could not rid himself of, as he called it, "this moral anguish which is crushing me."

Epilogue

Many intellectuals and students have begun to meet their obligations as privileged men. They have pursued a politics of truth, exposing and attacking the assumptions of the Cold War, in Vietnam and in the Dominican Republic. Some of these same intellectuals -- professors, students, writers, artists – sneered several years ago when C. Wright Mills said they would form the basis of the New Left. In the "teach-ins" and other demonstrations of dissent, a group of American intellectuals, their consciences stimulated by the moral conviction – if not the physical courage – of students and Negroes, have formed a political public that may offer resistance to the NATO intellectuals.

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"GOD CANNOT REMEMBER all the horrible things the Arabs did here. So we will help Him remember."

The taxi driver searched his own memory as we drove from the airport to Zanzibar Town. "When I was a boy, my grandfather told me stories of what the Arabs did before the British came to Zanzibar. They used to carve open the bellies of pregnant African women because they were curious to see what the baby looked like inside."

Zinj-el-barr, the "Land of the Black Man," has been untrue to its name since the isle was so dubbed by the first Arabs who spotted it around the seventh century B.C. But now this exotically-named island belongs to the Africans again—for the first time in 2,500 years, since the days when it was part of the empire of the Kingdom of Sheba.

Zanzibar, heady with the odor of cloves, will suffer from the after-effects of its revolution for some time to come. This is obvious. But, since the island's novel link with Tanganyika cannot be expected to solve all its problems, a look at Zanzibar's bizarre, unparalleled history might better place current events there in proper perspective. (This link has made Zanzibar part of the Union of Tanzania, but for the purposes of this historical glance, the original name will eliminate confusion.)

If anyone can fairly take responsibility for Zanzibar's new freedom, which must also include the recent slaughter of about 2,000 Arabs and its present leanings as a People's Republic toward China, it should be the British Colonial Office. This dispensary of independence turned over the reins of government to a clique of rich Arab landowners and aristocrats whose ancestry can be clearly traced to the days when their forefathers roamed the bush under the Sultan's red flag in pursuit of their black quarry. It doesn't take much to understand why the African majority on the island, themselves the descendants of slave rejects, rather resented this Arab plutocracy.

"Communists Do It Again," the headline writers assured the American public on the first days after the January 12 revolution. And 27-year-old John Okello, the key military figure who reportedly spent two years in Havana prior to the upheaval, was cited as unim-

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peachable evidence. But he has since been banished to Uganda and whether the latest Zanzibar government is less fiercely Marxist or more militant is a matter that even C. L. Sulzberger—armed with binoculars and looking out across the 35 miles of Indian Ocean from Dar es Salaam—considers unanswerable. (Although Zanzibar had barred all foreign newsmen, *The Times* felt it suffered unduly from the chaotic state of affairs there. Its East Africa man, Robert Conley, had been accused of spying and was cited in an official Zanzibar report as "Colonel Roberts" of *The Times.)*

On the other hand, one shouldn't be fooled into thinking that there really are no Communists on Zanzibar at all. I actually confronted one when I was there over a year ago. He was reading a book entitled *Khrushchev's Major Addresses*, and he had recently accepted a scholarship to study at Patrice Lumumba University in Moscow. He was the kitchen steward on a ship that plied the East African coast, and any lowly steward with an ounce of sense who is offered a chance for a free university education would be crazy not to go after it.

I thought about him often in the months after the Zanzibar revolt, during the never-fail Communist hysteria when the daily press continually cited "a Cuba off the African Mainland." But even our most lucid pundits, writing from Washington, began to wonder a little about the extent of this Red influence. It took courage to back off; after all, who else but Communists stage revolutions these days? Can't a people who have been suppressed, mutilated and sold as cattle for fifty generations, treated to cruelties and indignities whose ferocity paralyzes the imagination, can't *they* stage a revolution in the name of decency and human integrity? Certainly they can, and they did—on Zanzibar.

It is interesting that Israel, which takes great pains to keep a very close watch on Africa's political pulse, was sufficiently confident in the government of President Abeid Karume to recognize the new regime promptly. It was the first pro-Western nation to do so.

WHEN IT BECAME APPARENT that my taxi driver was a political seer, I pressed him further—for who else but a cabbie more closely reflects the average outlook of a nation's people? The bloody election riots that took place in the summer of 1961 were a matter of history, and I asked him what had caused that outburst. I couldn't fail to recognize in his answer the threat of the trouble that was to come.

"Four hundred and fifty years ago, there were Arabs here, but not that many. It was the Portuguese then. So we invited more Arabs to come help us get rid of the awful Portuguese. We signed a paper with the Arabs saying they would only stay a hundred years. But they stayed longer and they committed crimes more terrible than the Portuguese. And they refuse to acknowledge the treaty they made. This is not their home. It is the Africans' home. They thought we Africans were dirt. We sure surprised them. And we're going to surprise them again."

The Zanzibar cabbie now has his way, and the island of giant coconut palms and reeking clove plantations has been returned to its first owners—not in the name of Communist conspiracy, but in the name of nationalism, freedom, historical right and genetic inheritance. It took one of the biggest African blood baths since the Mau Mau rampage for the cabbie and his friends to reclaim their property, but it was a reclamation twenty-five centuries in the making.

Blame it all on the monsoons, because without them Zanzibar wouldn't have been such a luscious plum. The island owes its existence to those regular and predictable seasonal winds, and even before Christ walked the Galilee hillsides, throngs of dhows sailed down to Zanzibar from Southern Arabia on the northeast monsoons. The Arabs packed their holds with African slaves, tortoise shells, ivory and gold from Ophir, and, a couple of months later, set their crescent-sailed vessels homeward, gliding back to Muscat and Oman on the southwest monsoons. Until January you could still see the posturing remnants of those days in the narrow, noisy streets of Zanzibar's Arab-Hindu markets, the bearded, fierce, Grade B movie-looking Arabs, armed with curved silver daggers stuck in their waistbands. They were rich, sweetly scented, draped in complicated gowns, and they drove red convertibles at hair-raising speeds around the island. They owed their prosperity to Sultan Seyyid-bin-Said, a visionary of the nineteenth century who perfected the commerce of both slaves and cloves.

Sultan Said had a botanical garden in those days that was the most fragrant, splashiest-colored thing in all Araby. One fine day in 1828 a friend came visiting, bearing gifts, and one of the gifts was a seedling from the East Indies that had a new smell—tangy and sharp. Said planted the seedling and discovered it did well. Sensing a good thing, he thereupon suggested that every Arab estate owner plant five of the clove seedlings for each coconut palm—or else have his estate confiscated. And that, according to apocrypha, is how the clove came to Zanzibar.

Swiftly, Zanzibar developed into the world's leading clove producer. Its snobbish clove-status was such that even places like Brazil and Madagascar, producing pretty good cloves of their own, shipped their product to Zanzibar so that it could be exported to the world stamped with the island's richly intriguing name. (Cloves find use primarily in cigars, apple tarts, medicines and especially the cure of toothaches.)

But if Said was a horticultural prophet, he was also the wonder boy of the slave trade. Although the Arabs were regularly trafficking in African slaves and shipping them out from Zanzibar for twelve centuries, Said

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was the one to lay down formal rules and customs regulations, a system of efficiency that stepped up the trade to an annual export of 50,000 slaves a year by 1840. Although the Persian Gulf sheikdoms were the principal buyers, there was not a country in the world that did not purchase its fair share of Zanzibar-exported slaves. And it didn't matter a whit to Said that the number that died en route to Zanzibar was twice as great as the number exported, since there were endless natural resources in the empire he commanded, an empire encompassing what is now Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda.

It is to Said's hunting caravans that some anthropologists trace the foundations of African facial fashions. To make themselves as morbidly unattractive to the slave dealers as possible, the African women, it is said, took to mutilating themselves. They ran rings through their lips and ears and bones through their noses. They burned their skin, and what was not hideously seared was tattooed. These gruesome decorations, prompted by fear of the Zanzibar slavers, are still very much in vogue in parts of Africa--although the necessity for mutilation is no longer present.

But Said died from syphilis in 1856, and his successors built palaces in his name—and palaces in their own names. You can still see the crumbling pillars and charred statuary of these once-monumental Oriental courts—the magnificent Moorish arches and latticed balustrades, the pointed turrets and fluted cupolas that are now the haunts of bats and the phantoms of the past. The most impressive one is in the interior of this 53x24-mile island, near the *Bubu chen-chen* cascade (so named because to the native ear that's the sound the water makes as it gurgles in rivulets and rushing streams).

My cabbie's eyes danced with delight when he swept his arm over the ruins, saying: "This is Said's harem, just what is left now." There is a stagnant lily pond in front of the pillars and if you look long enough below the slimy pads, in the dullish murk that reflects the charred, tumbling blocks, your fancy revisits that time of excesses and splendor, and in the rattle of windblown fronds above, the dirges of the dead of centuries sigh in relief that an age has passed away.

The relationship between Sultan Said and the present is garishly clear. He is the great-great-grandfather of Seyyid Jamshid bin Abdulla, Zanzibar's Sultan who escaped by boat—and by the skin of his teeth—when the revolution broke out on January 12. Abdulla, leader of the Arabs who comprised about 12 per cent of the island's 165,000 inhabitants, was naturally viewed as the offensively glaring vestige of Zanzibar's ugliest days. To the Afro-Shirazi Nationalist Party, Abdulla was billed as the linear descendant of the most barbaric slave trader ever to have dealt in the flesh of Zanzibar's indigenous people. (Abdulla now lives in a villa outside London, collecting a fantastic annual pension from the British Government for himself and 50 relatives and servants.)

Sultan Barghash, 1870-1888, lacked Said's potent convictions, although he is remembered by historians as having introduced "an era of unparalleled extravagance," which included a spate of new harems and a gaudy "House of Wonders." Immediately prior to the Barghash reign, in the Sultan Majid period, the British Consul on Zanzibar, Colonel Rigby, became incensed over the prevailing barbarity and took the first steps to change the island's temper. Consul Rigby stuffed cotton in his nose because the smell in his villa was overpowering—slaves were left dying on the beach in front of his residence, and no one cared enough to remove their bodies. At night, those among them not yet dead cried and moaned and Rigby switched the cotton from his nose to his ears. By day he watched the caravan herders steering the chained files into the dhows, packing them in layer upon layer. It was too much for Rigby's sensibilities and he declared war on the slave trade, soliciting the aid of a squadron of British gunboats which attacked the dhows, commandeering their sails, and set the half dead cargo ashore as free men. Rigby, however, who left Zanzibar in 1861, was not above taking with him two little slave boys, one of whom became his "devoted servant for life."

During the Barghash reign, Rigby's fight was taken up by the new British Consul General, Sir John Kirk, who was made an unofficial Grand Vizier and who is credited with a decade-long battle to suppress the slave trade. By 1890, largely through Kirk's efforts, a deal with the Sultans of Muscat and Oman made Zanzibar a British Protectorate.

The Zanzibar Arabs were aghast at His Majesty's continuing war on the slave commerce. After all, hadn't the Crown bought her share of slaves just like any other country? Why the sudden sanctimony? But by 1907, the Zanzibari indulgence was declared not just offensive; it was against the law as well. Four years later, slave-owning was forbidden, and a final date for government compensation for freeing slaves was set. The trading blocks were left barren. They became, on the eve of World War I, a leading sightseeing attraction for British tourists in starched white linen.

However, across the 35 miles of water separating the island from the African coast, the Germans were in control of the Tanganyika territory, and they were being considerably more permissive toward the slave trade than the British. Slave trade sale and export shifted headquarters from Zanzibar to the area around Dar es Salaam (recently labelled for 20,000,000 viewers by the Columbia Broadcasting System as the world's new center of intrigue, in the tradition of Sofia, Zagreb, Vienna, Istanbul and Casablanca). But there's no denying that

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since British gunboats were still swooping down on any and all dhows plying the Indian Ocean, the trade from Tanganyika petered off to about 2,000 slaves a year, a smattering compared with the days of glory fifty years earlier.

And when the British took control of Tanganyika after the war, they instituted such a formidable surveillance on the slaving network that by 1927 His Majesty's Colonial Office declared the ancient practice of slave trading "an extinct monster." A handful of travelers of the early '30s, who managed to win the graces of a *nouveau riche* oil-Sheikh in Southern Arabia, declared (to the Colonial Office's chagrin) that their host had told them of slave shipments he was receiving from Zanzibar. Although the era was clearly over, a handful of Arabs continued to exalt in the past, so much so that a United Nations report in 1955 regretfully announced that evidence of kidnaping by slave traders still exists.

Like any place else in the tropics, Zanzibar is a sleepy place where the energy-sapping Equatorial heat functions as a natural control on tempers, and it was in such wet drowsiness that Zanzibar dozed until June of 1961, when the general elections were held. The climate abruptly changed when word got out that the Arab landowners, fearful of losing their power, had bought their employees' voting cards and planned to vote several times in different polling stations. African nationalist politicos countered by sending workers to each of the voting sites. Surreptitiously, they made chalk marks on the gown of each man who voted. When the Arabs attempted to repeat their votes at another polling station, the chalk marks were used as proof that they had already voted once. Someone (no one remembers who) denied it, and someone else pulled a knife. There was a threat, a shove, and in an hour twenty Arabs were hacked to death. But other Arabs organized, and set to burning the African quarter, while the Africans went on a rampage in the interior, burning Arab plantations and murdering the landlords. The meager island police force was unable to cope with the massacres.

In two days, each side struck again and again, deep in the twisting, steaming streets of Zanzibar Town, and deeper in the bush, burning and hacking and shooting. From Kenya, the British rushed in a regiment of Coldstream Guards to help restore calm to the island. So many Arab homes had been deserted by their former occupants that the troops billeted in them and never found anyone returning to claim their premises. At the end of a week of riots, the count was 102 bodies retrieved, 250 wounded, and a "considerable number" missing.

Zanzibar became an armed camp in 1962, owing to a system of nighttime curfews, a complete segregation of neighborhoods (Africans in one section and Arabs and Hindus in another) and the addition of a regiment of Gordon Highlanders. The then-Sultan, Seyyid Abdulla Bin Khalifa, went back to traveling between his two fenced-in palaces in a crimson car; any other vehicle he passed en route was obliged to pull over and wait until his car was out of sight.

Despite the violent historical enmity, the two factions agreed to another vote in 1963, an assiduously policed one. It was carried off peacefully, so peacefully in fact that the minority Arab landowners and merchants magically won hands down.

A walk through Zanzibar Town's streets in those days was an unforgettable experience. The narrow, coiling lanes, scarcely wide enough for three people to walk abreast, stank of Indian curry, Turkish coffee, greasy fried foods and, of course, the ever-present sharpness of cloves. As a mixture, it was an appalling odor that encircled you, and you couldn't help but think that the confusing, overpowering odors were in cahoots with the crooked streets, working to conceal horrible crimes, crimes past and crimes being plotted; that the uneasy, crippled city of mud and stone and palm was brooding over its ugly history, stewing over its dark and bloody entrails.

You saw half-hearted protest marches outside the fences of the American Missile Tracking Station (Keep Away: National Aeronautics and Space Administration, United States Government Property), but it was easy to see that the Africans' indignation here lacked genuine conviction. Rather, they had gathered for a show of strength and defiance, lacking a real outlet.

After the British gave the Arabs the key to city hall, it took only thirty-one days before the most wholly predictable of revolutions occurred—and, displaying a magnificent sense of historical justice, the Zanzibaris ironically proceeded to pack several thousand Arabs into once-slave-filled-dhows and send them back to Muscat and Oman, whence their ancestors came.

So when I first heard about the revolution and subsequent turmoil I remembered the way the cabbie described the voting riots of 1961: "Those Arabs thought we Africans were dirt. We sure surprised them." He is probably saying it again now, and maybe someone is calling him a Communist for it. But the scab of Zanzibar's glamorous, cancerous past had been ripped open, and only the fool expects men to sit by while time tries to heal a wound 2,500 years old.

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REVIEWS

Some 'got Rhythm'

THE EXPERIENCE OF MARRIAGE. Edited by Michael Novak. New York: The Macmillan Company. 173 pp. $3.95.

Reviewed by JAMES F. COLAIANNI, *Managing Editor of* RAMPARTS.

THIS IS A COLLECTION of 13 essays, written anonymously by 13 married couples, on the human relationship of marriage. Some write as a team; others offer their dual testimony in a single essay by one of the spouses. The purpose of *The Experience of Marriage* is described in the editor's introduction: "This volume . . . represents early, sometimes faltering steps toward a just estimation of the experience of marriage. Each of the contributors . . . has tried to take marital sexuality on its own terms, as it entered into his or her experience . . . the editor hopes that in coming years much more of this face-to-face questioning will take place among the Catholic people."

Michael Novak is one of the new breed of self-starting, American Catholic intellectuals, committed to engagement in his Church's vigorous attempt to develop her insights into the meaning of man and to articulate a richer definition of the one-male/one-female relationship. In a broad sense, the current probe is a means of final admission that woman is more than a "sicked she-ass" (in the view of an 8th Century Doctor of the Church)—or a utilitarian baby-machine. This and much more fans out from the narrow confines of the reexamination of the traditional Catholic teaching on birth control, and more particularly, on artificial contraception (the book's point of departure).

Like it or not, celibate moralists will not be able to continue their inquiries without hearing at least echoes of the lay voice. Honest dialogue between essentialist priest-theologian and empiric layman is beginning to take hold, and the grass-roots finds Catholicism's slow grind toward a new, "Open Church" style, attractive. Dissatisfaction, discouragement and dissent hereafter will be compelling reasons for closer engagement rather than alienation. Old sets of abstractions will be augmented by new formulas tested in the laboratory of reality.

Catholic teaching, while finally recognizing the value of responsible child-planning, still admits of only two legitimate means of achieving this goal: rhythm and continence. All forms of artificial contraception are categorized as "intrinsically evil," and therefore immoral under almost all circumstances (one exception: a nun in danger of rape).

The book's Mr. A. relates how fidelity to this moral tenet has affected his marriage: "The calculated continence of living with rhythm, and the anticonjugal continence of living with 'heroism,' have both in fact killed something in our common life which was able, at its best, to provide a tone of harmony and joy which could support us through the inevitable tensions and trials of family life, which could actually *help* us to behave like Christians. Now, with that one lost, we find it more difficult than ever to maintain

"David Halberstam should be barbecued, and I would be glad to supply the fluid and the match"
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a visible spirit of Christian love, to be patient and kind toward each other and toward our children. Fidelity to the obligations of Catholicism in one direction has erected new obstacles to living a Catholic family life of charity."

Mrs. B., mother of ten, worries about her sense of responsibility vis-à-vis the population explosion: "Is there any way for us to continue to show our love for each other through sexual intercourse without burdening the bursting world? For us, within the limits of natural law as taught by the church, almost none. Because of my double ovulations in one month, the rhythm system is without value." Her husband reflects the mentality of many Catholics who find security in the total subordination of conscience to ecclesiastical authority. "Before I start to worry about limiting my own family for such global, demographic reasons I think it will be necessary for somebody like the Pope or an Ecumenical Council to tell me so. It (artificial contraception) is just too sensational a departure from everything they have been telling me up to date."

This "My Church right or wrong" attitude, while comforting to many, fails to recognize that papal and hierarchical pronouncements on moral issues can serve the truth only to the extent that the community of persons who are the Church, on all levels of its visible structure, have participated and contributed. The layman has not the right to demand that Pope and bishops take all the risks. To be real, the Christian commitment must be conscientious, free. The process of becoming is full of risk. Mr. B., too, must be willing to lecture his Pope and bishop. Without benefit of an experience that is uniquely his, their efficiency is weakened.

Mrs. C., another rhythm sufferer, describes a bizarre husband-wife relationship resulting from loyal submission to ecclesiastical discipline. Gestures of affection are "resolutely repressed"; kisses are "mere perfunctory pecks . . . to keep some appearance of affection before the children"; the atmosphere makes them "brusque and impatient . . . more critical of each other . . . like college roommates . . . like two friends who are used to each other through long habit." Mr. C. agonizingly queries, "Is there no other alternative to this 'service station' solution?" He is tired of sermons and pamphlets burdening him with his 'carnality.' He envies Protestant friends "living devout and joyous lives . . . untrammeled by the kind of sexual sludge that swamps so many Catholic marriages."

That the essayists are conscious of the editor's admonition to refrain from "a polemic against church discipline" is obvious; that they are unable to totally suppress the urge to address themselves to this larger question is also clear.

The testimony of Mrs. F. is a direct challenge. In empirical terms she states her case for resorting to artificial contraception (the method is not revealed). In effect she puts it to the Catholic moralist to impugn her good faith – and her Catholic orthodoxy. Even the most immobile traditionalists are finding it harder to make this judgment these days.

While few Catholic theologians identify the papal instruction on the intrinsic evil of artificial contraception with infallibility, many hold it to be an expression of immutable truth, therefore irrevocable. However, the groundswell of controversy has pushed the door open. Although shoving continues on both sides, it appears likely that, when it stops, the snap-lock will have been removed in favor of a swinging door.

THE IMPLICIT RAILING at the traditional view of church authority in non-dogmatic areas, made by most of the book's contributors, is not easy to summarily dismiss. It is difficult to see how reservations about the Church's artificial contraception stand do not at once attach to the traditional claims made for the church's "ordinary teaching authority." Pius XI's condemnation of artificial contraception is unequivocal; Pius XII's affirmation is just as rigid. A Pope is either fallible or infallible when he instructs outside the context of formal definition. Mrs. I. hopes that "the Church will reexamine its attitude on Catholic marriage, especially birth control." She hopes, therefore, that Pius XI and Pius XII were wrong and that the Church will admit it. When she asks, "Can we continue to insist that natural law forbids contraception?" she questions authority to the extent that it attempts to impose the neo-Scholastic theory of "natural law" on all Catholics (since the theological conclusions of Pius XI and Pius XII are based upon neo-Scholastic philosophical premises).

It is not merely a matter of rejection through sin. The real question is one of orthodoxy. The Catholic who conscientiously accepts the contraceptive ban, and lives by it, commits no sin, and is orthodox. But what is the status of the Catholic who *conscientiously* rejects the ban? Surely his fidelity to conscience eliminates the question of sin, but is he orthodox? All prior attempts to fix on the binding character of non-dogmatic papal and hierarchical statements have ended in ambiguity. Has a dominant school of theology tried to say too much in the name of the Church? Has there been a false identification of neo-Scholasticism with the Church?

If the marital experience of most of these couples is representative, then it is clear that the theologians will have to be open to the possibility of back-tracking.

Mr. and Mrs. D.: "The celibate theologian is obliged to think of sex in a depersonalized way, but a man or woman living in the sacrament of marriage is thinking of another human being and the relationship with him or her. There is a world of difference between the two view-

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points. It is time Catholics stopped talking about marital love in terms of rights, indulgences, and the allaying of concupiscence. Quite clearly, a major part of the problem is that those who have been doing most of the talking (and legislating) have never tried to build a marriage."

Mrs. G.: "I insist we are not selfish slobs for preferring sex on Saturday to sex on Tuesday—and every third Tuesday at that."

Mrs. H.: ". . . sexual union seems to be the most powerful means at our disposal of putting to death the selfish and evil urges we feel when our impaired natures are too much strained in their task of commitment to complete self-giving. The most marked complaint I have found in our long abstinences has been the preoccupation of my consciousness with continual petty complaints and resentments."

Mr. H.: "We cannot nurture our love until the pressures that now take all our mental and spiritual energies are released. Looming large among these pressures is the rhythm method."

Mr. I.: "Until Catholic discussion gives love and the psychology of marriage at least equal time with birth control, I do not see how anyone with a conscience can take it seriously."

Mr. L.: "Cannot one sin by having children?"

The Christian believer in monogamy affirms that marriage and sex in marriage are at the service of love. The Catholic emphasis on the biological aspects of sex has diluted the value of sex as a profoundly unique experience in learning how to love. Hopefully *The Experience of Marriage* will be of service to the defenders of "tradition" as they work toward placing due emphasis on the whole person (who loves with his whole person), on two whole persons (who love in the marriage union), and on the whole family (who seek fulfillment as a concrete human society), in their further efforts to distinguish between good and evil.

Advertising's Thurber

DANGER: MEN TALKING by William Schneider. New York: Random House. 90 pp. $3.95.

Reviewed by WILLIAM L. RIVERS, *Professor of Journalism at Stanford University.*

JAMES THURBER used to get a resounding laugh out of reading the critics who solemnly judged some of his cartoons to be art of a high order. Thurber was proud of his prose—for understandable reasons—but he began drawing only for his own amusement, and to his last day he was amazed that his cartoons were printed. Art critics, he concluded, were at least a little mad.

William Schneider takes quite a different view of his own drawings. An advertising man, Schneider has made a serious avocation of illustrating semantic concepts, usually for

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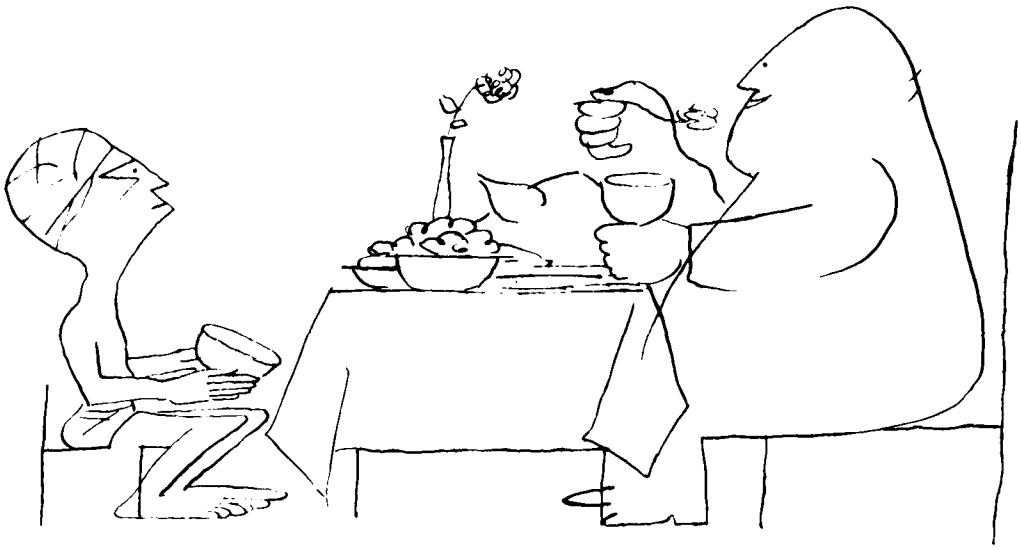
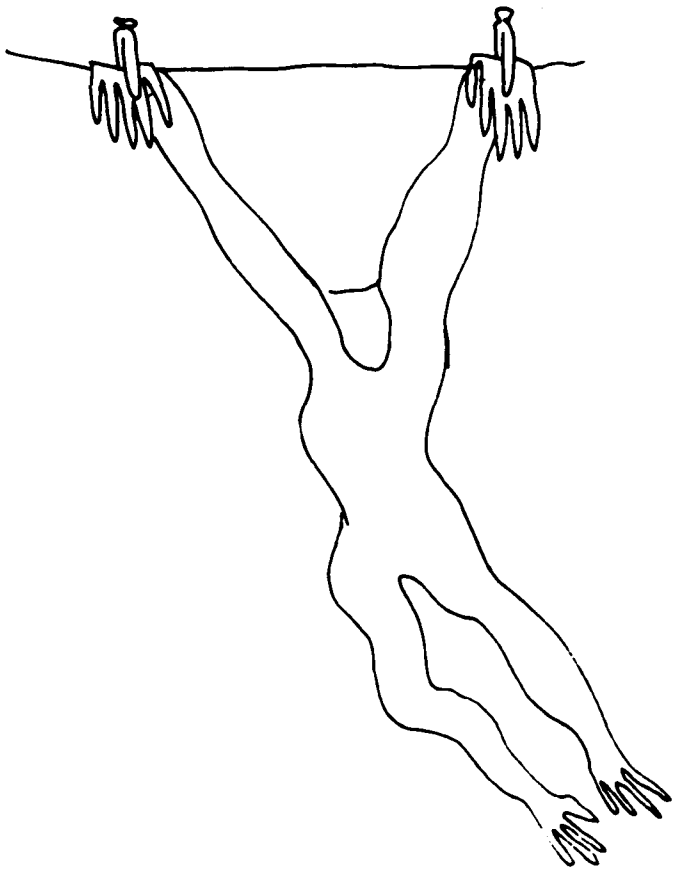
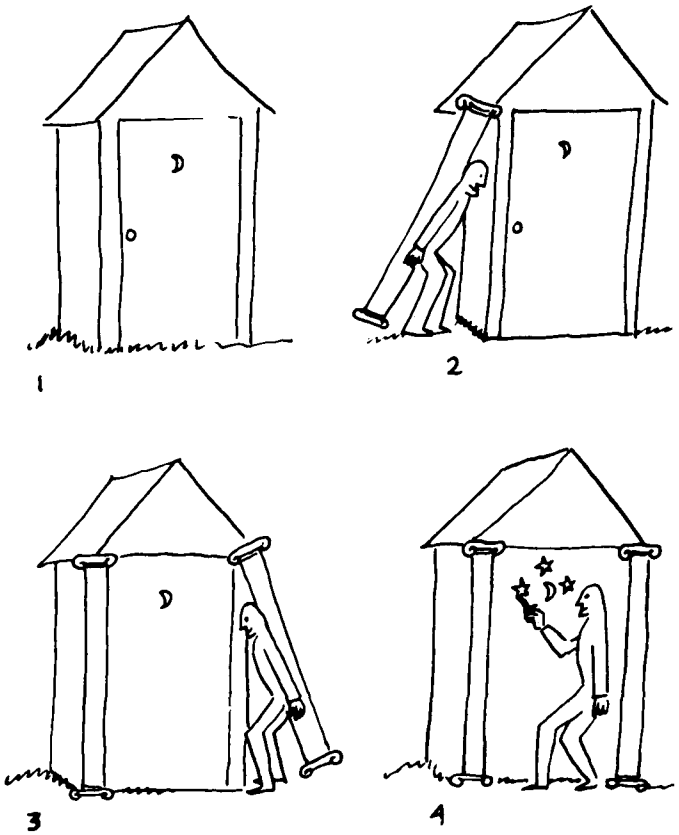


"I want to explain about democracy"



Brain-washing



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Etc., the most widely known journal of the general semanticists. Now Random House has published a book of his drawings under the title *Danger: Men Talking*, and it suddenly becomes clear that much of Schneider's work is strikingly like Thurber's: the same rough-hewn style, the same comic line in the tilt of a head or the bulge of a body, the same lordly lack of attention to background and shading. Will the critics consider this captital-A Art? One suspects that the answer will pivot on which drawings they choose to study.

An illustration labeled "Brainwashing" shows long winter underwear pinned to a clothesline, flapping weakly in the passing wind. It is difficult to imagine a more arresting analogy. "The Unshakable Conviction," a staunch, tree-trunk figure facing heavenward, exaltedly oblivious to the appeals of the pigmy figure at its feet, is beyond Thurber; it strikes close to the soaring ideas of our most brilliant cartoonist, William Steig. Schneider works occasionally in the mode of the incisive editorial cartoonist: a corpulent capitalist gorges himself while telling a starving, Gandhi-like man of the East, "I want to explain about democracy." There are other acute pictures: "The Metaphysician," a hunched, contorted figure who manages to look into his own eyes; "Public Relations" – the building of a palatial facade for an outhouse.

Unfortunately, too many of the drawings are only wisecracks – "Diatribe" pictures an Indian war dance – or mere illustrations. "Chain of Command" is simply a chain, each link a man. "The Time-Consuming Memo" is a typed page eating a watch. It is almost as though in drawing every other page Schneider's imagination went sour—which, in his worst moments, he might picture as a painter drowning in a sea of lemon juice.

Still, those who buy this book should delight in the way Schneider lances the pet phrases of every institution from literary criticism to politics. He often draws blood. And although $3.95 may seem a big price for such a little book, the pain of paying it is not measurable. The publisher has forestalled an exact accounting by thoughtfully neglecting to number the pages. Which leads one to wonder how Schneider would illustrate *that* ploy.

Renard's "Broken Wing"

THE JOURNAL OF JULES RENARD. Edited and translated by Louise Bogan and Elizabeth Roget. New York: George Braziller. 254 pp. $6.00.

Reviewed by Kurt F. Reinhardt, *Professor Emeritus, Stanford University.*

Jules Renard (1864-1910) was one of the co-founders of the *Mercure de France* and, as a writer, the contemporary of the great and – at least outside France – better known French impressionists, symbolists and neo-romanticists in literature and art, such as Verlaine, Rimbaud, Rostand, Guitry, Alphonse Daudet, Huysmans, Toulouse-Lautrec, etc.

In English-speaking countries Renard's name is associated with the autobiographical *récit* titled *Poil de Carotte*, which was first published in 1894, was made by the author into a one-act play in 1900 and was released as a motion picture about three decades later. The play was translated into German by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, himself a neo-romanticist, who must have felt a certain kinship with the melancholy mood of Renard's literary self-portrait. The probably definitive monograph of Jules Renard we owe to L. Guichard, who wrote two volumes on his life and work *(L'oeuvre et l'âme de Jules Renard*, 1936). French literary critics regard *L'Ecornifleur (The Sponger*, 1892), Renard's early novel, as one of the masterpieces of French literature in the 19th century.

Renard's *Journal*, which spans the period from 1887 to 1910, is a work of 1267 pages that was first published in its definitive form in 1935 and was reissued in the *Bibliothèque de la Pléiade* in 1960. Since the present English rendition contains only selected passages – most of them in disconnected aphorisms – the title causes the reader to expect more than he actually finds. In their attempt to explain the reasons for the omissions, the Editors' Preface states that this English edition "necessarily leaves out not only a large body of 'writer's notes,' but whole topics, such as Jules Renard's periods of service in the army; his accounts of the literary banquets for which the period was famous; his espousal of the cause of Dreyfus; his near-discipleship of the celebrated Socialist leader, Jean Jaurès; and his adoption . . . of socialism" (p. 7).

What then remains? In the main a carefully chosen series of keen observations of both a literary and personal nature and significance, certain fleeting glimpses of the contemporary scene in French culture, literature, and the arts, and psychological insights into himself and into others, revealing independence of thought, a passion for truth in life and in literature, and convincing evidence of a soul that was deeply wounded and suffering from traumas inflicted in childhood and adolescence. The obsessive neuroses which cast their shadows over Renard's parental home and introduced almost unbearable tensions into the

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author's life, are reflected in many striking introspective notations and comments. What healthy elements there were in Renard's psycho-physical constitution became incarnate in a gradual maturing process of the author's life and work, owing largely to his unrelenting efforts to overcome the congenital morbidity which weighed upon the man and writer. Fortunately, there was in this "country boy" sufficient vitality and simple *joie de vivre* to make it possible for him to find counterpoise and consolation in his intimacy with nature, with animals and plants. He thus eventually overcame the curse of a "crazy upbringing" and began to find relative peace and contentment in his marriage to Mlle. Marie Morneau and in the vocation of husband and father. This is why he was able to write in 1890, two years after his marriage and one year after the birth of his son, Jean-François:

> *"You can be a poet and still wear your hair short.*
> *You can be a poet and pay your rent.*
> *Even though you are a poet, you can sleep with your wife.*
> *And a poet may even, at times, write proper French."*

Though he knew that he "was born with two wings, one of them broken," Renard was able to preserve within his soul "a fund of essential naïveté that is eternal youth. "I defy anything that is beautiful, alive, and simple not to affect me" (June, 1905). Having found in authentic resolve what Martin Heidegger calls "freedom-toward-death," Renard could conclude his *Journal* not without hope: "I don't understand life at all, but I don't say it is impossible that God may understand it a little" (March, 1910).

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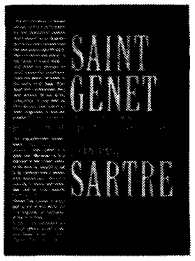

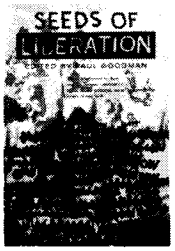

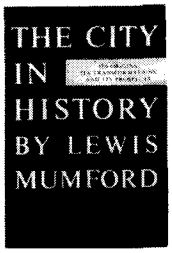

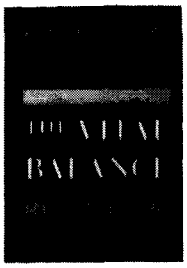

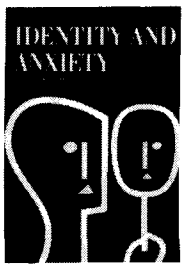

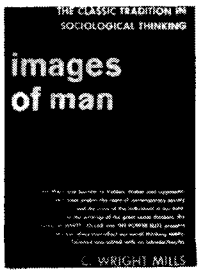

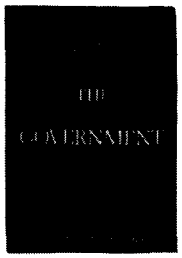

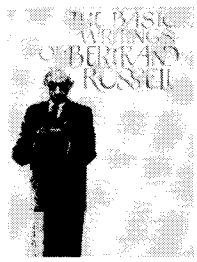

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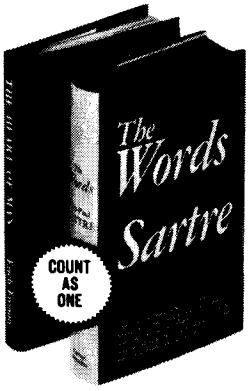

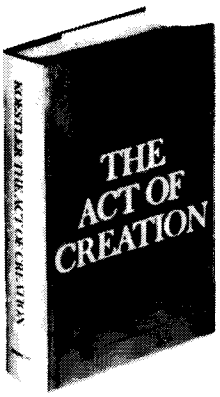

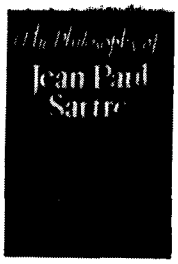

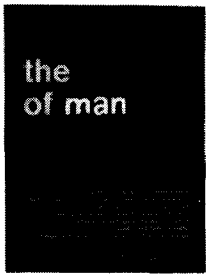

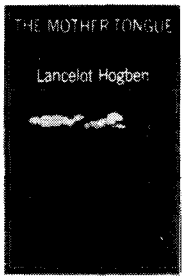

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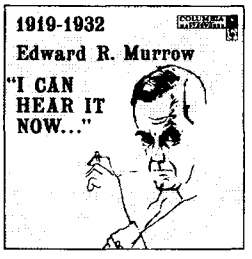

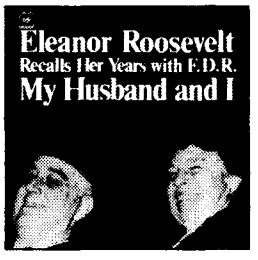

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